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THE GUARDS.

A NOVEL.

“Arma Virumque cano.”—VIRGIL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE GUARDS.

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM THE CONTINENT.—LADY PANAMA-
MAR'S INVITATION,—CHARACTERS.

“In spring, though pleasant Zephyrus had fruitful Earth
inspir'd,
And Nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossoms
brave attir'd ;
Yet fruits, and flowers, and buds, and blossoms full
quickly wither'd be,
When stormy winter comes to kill the summer's jollity.
By time are got, by time are lost
All things in which we pleasure most.”

*From the Paradise of Dainty Devyses,
in the 16th century.*

THE false appearances in the square were of a
very splendid nature, but always tinged by me-
lancholy, or traversed by care: the splendour and

lustre of the night brought racking reflections in the morning; credit was slack; the shifting and manœuvring to procure the luxuries and extravagancies of life were so many and so painful, that they took away all the enjoyment of them when obtained. After the loss of his mother he felt alone in the world; like Hotspur, deserted by his allies, he was still ready for the fight; proud and self-sufficient, yet weakened and disabled. In his retreat from society, induced by melancholy and filial feeling, he had no philosophising equanimity to bear him out; and he speedily gave his habits, not his heart, to a round of dissipation again. The non-intercourse with his father hurt him exceedingly, but he had been too long the dupe of fashion to acknowledge those best feelings which honour humanity, and which are common to the prince and peasant: he, therefore, on his return to dissipation, used to joke about the obduracy of the old gentleman, and affect to be as gay as ever. He had countless engagements, depending on the fatigues of fa-

shionable obligations, and to those were added, the necessity of temporising, arranging and negotiating loans, accommodations, instalments, puts off, and lures for further credit. No man who has not had this painful self-inflicted task to perform, can be aware of its fatigues, its miseries, its uncertainties, its humiliations, its degrading triumphs, and its despairing defeats. Nevertheless the house in the square looked magnificent both without and within, from its fashionable exterior to the powdered and pampered train of half-sinecure domestics, who bowed, strutted, yawned, and vapoured in the hall, and from thence ascended the staircase to their master's presence, in due rotation, from porter to the groom of the chambers, and who all, ill and irregularly paid, lived upon velvet, and individually appropriated to themselves what would have supported a laurel crowned subaltern of the army; whilst, at the same time, table was found, together with clothing and unpaid arrears of wages, not to count perquisites, &c. &c.

Colonel Greenlaw might have maintained an independent company of one hundred men for what his dozen of valets, and other menials, were kept upon. The first table, of course, was of the same extravagant stamp as the second: and here, daily, when some imposing engagement did not intervene, he had his ten covers set, and his friends *traitées en Prince*; when absent, Tiger did the honours.

With all this waste at home, the son kept back from appearing in public at evening-parties. The first invitation which he received was from Lady Panamar, which he declined with indignation, the more painful, because he could not give vent to his feelings, nor state his motives for *rejecting the honour of her obliging attention*. It was at her house that, yielding to feelings of overpowering pride and misconceived defeat, his proud, vain, weak, yet loving mother, imbibed that consuming poison which wasted her failing strength, and precipitately crumbled down the sands of her hour-glass, which, ac-

celerated in its turn of life, brought sudden and irrecoverable decay. He accepted not the invitation; but the remembrance of the last party brought to his mind the list of living figures in the magic lanthorn, which Fashion exhibits by a false light to the admiring eyes of the novices entering upon what is called life, either as infatuated actors, or as spectators dazzled by the blaze which serves to magnify and multiply extrinsic tinsel glitterings, and to impose these false appearances on the mind and eye as substantial realities and tangible enjoyments. The number of characters present exhibited an extensive list of titles and names,—“*longo ordine gentes*,” but which might be reduced to a very few classifications,—the great, the collateral connexions and followers of the great, and the *would-be* great: and in relation to the inviting parties, the visitors of all fashionable parties, the pretended friends of the house, the host of mercenaries, talented and untalented, puffers, reporters, collectors of reports, press-men, or

men of the press, directors, dependents, and supporters. The highest class consists of the peerage, to figure in the columns of the next day's morning paper; the second class is the fashionables,—a very determining evidence whether the party was of the first order of taste, for quality may be antiquated and be neglected, but fashion is,—like Bacchus—

“ Ever fair, and ever young—”

and just as visionary and intoxicating. When rank and fashion walk hand-in-hand, the rule is absolute; but, like the three estates in the realm—the Lords *may vote*, but the Commons may refuse the supplies—the coronet and ermined robe may command, but fashion, like capricious beauty, may set order and illustrious lineage at nought, when once she has usurped her sovereign sway. But whilst our hero was thinking over the names of the glitterers in the gay throng, a letter arrived from Bramblewood, conceived in the following terms:

“ DEAR HERBERT,

Florence.

“ By the same post I have applied for an extension of leave of absence, as Maria cannot quit her relation (this was new to our hero) in her present state of health ; her frame is shaken to the centre—but this is a subject which ought to be painful to us both. You will learn with pleasure that Maria is very well provided for as to fortune, and that all her, Lady Lydia’s, debts will be honourably paid. I hope you are grown more prudent ; and that now the impediment to your union with Emma is removed by the loss of your dear, but misled mother, you will seriously think of the only solid prospect of happiness which you have ; namely, an alliance with her, unless your own imprudences have reduced you (which I cannot believe) to that state which would involve her ruin with your own. Pardon this remark ; it springs from the sincerity of the heart—and believe me to be the truest and most attached of your friends,

“ B.

“P.S. I dare not tell Lady Lydia that I write to you, the bare mention of your name overcomes her: talking the other day of the qualities of the mind which we have received from nature, she observed emphatically, ‘We are all frail; but I certainly think that *le plus beau don de la nature c’est le pouvoir de pardonner.*” After which she mentioned you in terms of kindness, and suddenly left us; she had a wretched night—Adieu.”

The perusal of this letter was a pang to the heart of our hero. He retraced all the gay scenes in which he was the principal performer, but which drew their charm and lustre from a not less devoted, but less frail beauty, than slighted Dido; and in comparing his selfish and vacillating conduct with that of his frank, open, and honourable comrade and friend, he felt that he lost greatly by comparison. In himself, he saw one pre-engaged, yet half persuaded to break the most binding ties, and to sacrifice them at

the shrine of vanity, and in his irresolution guilty of deceit towards another. In addition to all this, the early habits of pleasure, the as early self-consideration inspired by a tender parent, acted upon the mind of youth as a too ardent sun does upon the fostered, favourite plant; it brought it to premature fulness: its expansion was proud and enlarged, its withering might be expected to be as speedy and conspicuous. There lived a bard whose winged fancy soared to the summit of Parnassus, and thence not only surmounted the acclivity with ease, but surpassed it, yet he lost himself in mundane matters; his was a soul of fire, not formed to mingle and commix with common clay,—but of that enough. From an indulgent mother might be dated his first errors; and her tenderness raised that ascending step on which his youthful steps failed him, and which, when retraced, forsook him, failed him, and precipitated him to his awful fall. The letter put him in very low spirits, from which the levity and vivacity of

Villeroi relieved him. But he had shortly after this another cause of dejection, nay, even of uneasiness: the Parliament was dissolved, and instead of being re-elected as he had expected, and being supported by his predecessor according to promise, the Borough-monger had retired to France with the purchase-money of the fag-end of the Sessions in his pocket, and the late M. P., after borrowing two thousand pounds upon his bond, to treat his constituents and for all the other electioneering expenses, had to return home, thrown out by a huge majority against him; the monied interest kicked the beam, and he was found in the light scale. Nevertheless, all that could be done for him was effected by his able friend Villeroi: he speechified at the hustings, kept the mobocracy of the country in constant good-humour, and in a roar of laughter. No fellow was fitter for an election, for he was intrepid, and had words at command.

“ He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;

He could distinguish and decide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute :
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination ;
And this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by ;
Else when with greatest art he spoke
You'd think he talk'd like other folk :
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleas'd to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect ;
It was a party-colour'd dress *
Of patch'd and pieball'd languages ;

* We have enlarged a little on this article on account of this prevalent taste of the day.

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on sattin."

HUDIBRAS.

And what was more essential than all this, he could quickly pass from the lofty to the familiar, and from the *sublime au ridicule*; between which, as Napoleon justly observes, *il n'y a qu'un pas*. Thus when his brilliant oration was over, he every day pledged himself to the populace, that they should see his honourable friend at the head of the poll the next day; and what was still more important than that, he *pledged* the *Polish* gentry in strong ale, at the close of the voting; had Captain Singsong at his side, at the open table kept for *the worthy the freeholders of the Borough*; sang loyal songs to them all night, turned them out drunk in the morning, and then had the mortification of seeing some of them forget their nocturnal promise, and go over to the other candidate, after an interesting interview with the agent of the member elect, in which, doubtless, *the present*

made them forget the past. This was the more mortifying, as the Colonel was decidedly the ladies' man at the election : he made presents to the freemen's wives, danced with all their ugly daughters, kissed three score of dirty children, and made as many promises as would require the period of the whole ensuing session to perform, had he had the power of so doing. But in spite of his white gloves and rose-coloured favours (for he was hand and glove with every voting body), the promising lad was thrown out, and was very nearly *thrown into* the county gaol, by an ill-mannered undutiful tailor, who, instead of *keeping his distance* as he ought to have done, followed the unsuccessful candidate down to the Borough, and was within five minutes of arresting him; but the adroit Villeroi, perceiving his approach, popped his friend into a post-chaise and four, disguised in a black Brutus scratch and a pair of green spectacles, whilst he, the tiger, rode on the outside, ready *to come to the scratch* if any one attempted to

stop the chaise. The disguise, however, succeeded; the Colonel stopped on the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge for one night; the next was Saturday; and at midnight he drove up to the square in all due pomp and form, but no longer a member of Parliament.

All Sunday was spent in efforts to calm the many clamorous creditors who were expected at the opening of his door on black Monday; and, by dint of renewed bills dated back, signing cognovits, treating and promising, a very short suspension of hostilities was procured; Villeroi being charged with the office of *Parlementaire*. About ten at night the friends dined *tête-à-tête*. Things went off ill; the domestics were almost in a state of mutiny: and as the town season closed with the session, it was deemed a wise and becoming thing to hire a house on the banks of the Thames for country air, no person of fashion being in town: then the care of the town house would devolve on a porter, and a very few other servants; and the *livery*, ordinary attendants,

and *valet de chambre*, would be drawn off from being spies on their master, and probably from betraying him.

This kind of uncertain life went on for a few weeks, until the time of the truce came to an end. He occasionally appeared in town on Sunday to transact business, but flew off to dinner with the setting sun to the margin of that delightful river which Sir John Denham so beautifully described.

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance holds,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring, &c.

Cooper's Hill.

This would have been a delightful retreat for the philosopher or sage, for the pondering moralist or fabling poet ; but to a town-bred Ex-

quisite, and, above all, to a man overwhelmed in debt, to whom every strange face inspires fear, who sees enemies in his domestics, and expects sincerity from nobody, all its advantages were lost for him: the flower expands in vain, the bird pours out its melody to a deaf ear, the breath of Zephyrs cheers not the fever of the mind, and the landscape has no charm whatever for his eye. Here he remained undisturbed for a short period; and whilst he is here we will run over a few of the remaining characters at Lady Panamar's party.

Lady Arlington, whom, with her four manly daughters, Mrs. Blight nicknamed the Hen and Chickens.

Lady Norland, nicknamed by the same lady, (although no relation, in any way, to the Peer bearing a name nearly resembling it,) Lady Breed-all-bane (or bone): she was one of the junta of—

Snuffy lairds, and high-bon'd dames,
With accents broad, and barbarous names.

The Dowager Marchioness of L——, or the Queen of Diamonds.

Mrs. Pinchbeck, the great rout-giver.

Lady Servajugum, got by Kingly out of Little Pickle, (to use the language of racing pedigree.)

Mrs. Banco, “all thaw and dissolution” in a crowded room.

The crane-necked sisters.

Mrs. Spectacle Trump, from Cheltenham, yclept Old Firelock.

And all the wild M'Graths of lordly race.

The Duke of Muscovy—in the character of the Deaf Lover.

Lord Flute—the Protector-General.

Lord Netherdale—Comptroller-General.

Lord Glenmuck—the Author of the Truth-teller.

Lord Wainscot—the Cyprian Ambassador.

The Right Hon. George Classic—the Oracle.

Colonel Fitzwilliam Henry—London Pride.

Colonel Buskin—the Amateur Actor.

Mr. Soprano—nephew to a Psalm-singing Lord.

And three young French officers.

The other males had all passed the line of youth and beauty, and were famous in no other line, neither of ancestry nor of nobility, but were good men at the India-house, and all on the right side of their bankers' books. There were also a few *halflings*, (as the Lowland Scot calls them,) *animalculi*, raised into life by the sun of fashion, half men, half boys, with the puerility of the one and the conceit and assumption of the other,—unfledged cornets, and lads just from college, having set up their establishments in town, and sported their four-in-hand the first week in the Park, with the paint and varnish scarcely dried upon the bodies of their vehicles, whether mail, landau, curricule, or double-bodied phaeton, or some happy-invented thought betwixt a caravan and a *gentleman's carriage*. Lastly, (whose pardon we beg for having very nearly forgotten her,) there was Miss Gertrude Albina Galloman, a rich banker's

daughter, just arrived from Paris, and who had the exquisitely refined taste of hating every thing that was not Parisian. She would not dance with any thing but a *militaire Français*, with a little bit of red ribbon tied to his button-hole; a *Lancier*, a *Capitaine de Cavalerie*, et même un *Garde du Corps*. “They were so preferable,” said she, “to English *humdrums*, to youths who thought of nothing but themselves; their dancing was so superior, their small-talk so agreeable, their attentions so assiduous and delicate—those *petits soins* unknown in our smoky climate. There was the Marquis *d’Argentcourt*, le Comte de *Sansterre*, et le Chevalier *Adolphe de Chateauvide*—dear, delightful creatures! What a pity that their stay in England was so short,—that the old religious king, and the stupid moral royal family, could not grant longer leave of absence to their military *beaux*!” or rather, Miss Gertrude Albina ought to have said, “What a pity that those flirting, flattering youths’ purses were not deeper!” for it is

not easy for an ordinary cavalry officer, nor for a *Garde du Corps*, to be able to make a very long *séjour à Londres*, which they fancy they have perfectly seen in one short month. It is to be regretted that too many of our young ladies who visit Paris are of Miss Galloman's opinion; we certainly think that if they would confine themselves to the first circle at home, they would find no want of politeness, gallantry, or accomplishment, nor even of affectation; and as to handsome persons, the countries will bear no comparison. A travelled Englishman (and we suppose all our nobility and fashionables to be so) can certainly not be surpassed: there may not be that volubility of fulsome flattery, that doubtful speech and attention, bordering upon seduction and design; but those ladies who are infected with incurable Gallomania, think nothing of that: *au surplus, ce n'est pas notre affaire.*

CHAPTER II.

THE TIGER.—HIS STORY.—MYSTERIOUS DINNER.—A SCOTS RECRUIT IN THE THIRD GUARDS.

“Decipimur specie recti.”—HORAT.

WHEN a young Etonian (we do not pretend to say when) had this line for his thesis, having played truant to the last moment, he bethought himself of a happy shift, and just wrote under it—

“My buckles are as silver rated,
Believe it not—they’re only plated.”

and by this *jeu d’esprit* he got off from punishment. How many are on the same *footing* with society! The outside is fair and bright, but it is but a thin coat spread over base metal. We do not mean to apply this to young Villeroi ex-

clusively, but to many other circumstances in general, connected with this chapter. It is now high time that the reader should be acquainted with the tiger, who has so long figured in these pages; and he will be found to be just what a young man of great natural parts, which have led him into society, gained him notice, and exposed him to expensive life and habits, will inevitably become; namely, dependent on others' extravagance to support his own and not to descend from that station which he has taken up in society: to do this, some become sycophants, complaisants, convenient bodies, beings that my Lord, or a rich Commoner, may caress one day and slight the next.

But Villeroi was one of a more commanding and masculine turn; and (which we meet with not unfrequently) whilst he lived upon the patron, he was a director, instead of being subservient. But here we have him at full length.

Horace Villeroi is a high-dressed young

man, of about thirty, but an old stager on town. He had been educated at Cambridge, had served three years as a cornet of Hussars, had travelled all over the Continent in company with his college companion, Lord Merionville, and was known to every body. That he had possessed a fortune is certain; but that—having spent it all ere he attained, not the years of discretion, but those which terminate a minority in France, namely twenty-five—he contrived to continue to live with the same degree of expense and elegance as before, was what made the *profanum vulgus* wonder and admire, and was the subject of much cogitative speculation to his envying companions and acquaintance. This he called *management*: others might have given it a severer term. However, so it was; and such things are not uncommon. His person and mind, if left to nature, were of a very superior cast; but it requires a good deal of common sense to let well alone. Horace Ville-roi had studied the Graces in his own way, and

had adopted a style of dress and deportment quite his own. It was a kind of semi-military semi-sporting appearance. He was well set up, his shoulders thrown back, and his breast prominent; but he was padded and made up about the chest and shoulders, and so pinched in about the middle, that his breast resembled a pigeon's crop, and his waist was like that of a wooden doll. His face was a kind of *ambigu* of the Jew and Gentile, or rather of Jacob and Esau: his cheeks and chin being lost in a hirsute fringe of dark curling hair; above which a constant smile indicated that he was in perfect good-humour with himself, and served, at the same time, to display a fine, white, regular set of teeth. Without certain income he had a kind of floating capital, which made him respected by tavern-keepers and waiters, bowed to by box-openers at the theatres, and idolized by the lower ranks. He could patronise these, recommend tradesmen, serve for the cut of a coat, captivate novice youth, ignite inflammable matter in the other sex,

show off a horse, break a dog or a tradesman, and frequent the gaming-table without personal loss, because he had paid his *droits d'entrée* everywhere, and was everywhere known. He was not a guardsman, nor a guardsman's congenial companion; but to one who, like young Greenlaw, had seen and got rid of every thing in the round of pleasure, the change of a comely, thorough-going, brave fellow, above prejudice, and at all in the ring, was a pleasing novelty. Horace Villeroi, in a word, was a man living upon the town without *greeking*, or dishonour, but upon the rays of a departed sun; the knowledge bought by experience; the tact which the *ictus Piscator* gets (whether at the St. James's Street fishery or elsewhere), and the talent of making the most of every thing, from a racehorse to a greyhound, from a race to a rabbit-hunt, and from a Duchess to a dairy-maid—the longest odds we know).

Amongst others with whom Horace became acquainted, was the fifth son of a poor Lord on

the other side of the Tweed, whose fortune consisted in rolls of parchment, the family tree, (he had not one upon his estate,) the ghost of a property, and his pension as a poor Peer. The Honourable Peter Muir, fifth son, as aforesaid, of Lord Barrendale, was educated at the *old* high school of Edinburgh, of numerous and dirty memory. He had gone through his O-vid, and repeated on memory—

“ Ante mare et tellus et quod tegit omnia cœlum.”

He had dipped into Virgil, and muttered out *ore rotundo* on demand—

“ Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi ;”

and he used to give the *fā-gi* so broad that it must have been the widest-spreading tree of the forest. To Paw-paw—(so he ca’d *mi lorde*)—he dedicated his translation of “ *Mæcnas atavis edite regibus,*” from old Horace ; and he had

been credibly informed by Paw-paw, that he was descended from King *Ro*-bert, of the Bruce line. With this mouthful of Latin, and a great deal of mother-wit, and after a six weeks' trip, all astonished, to Paris, he obtained an Ensigncy in the Third Regiment of Foot Guards, where so many of the bravest of the brave have served, and which formerly was commanded by the Duke of Argyle, who was the father of the regiment, and descended from the great

“Argyll, the whole nation's thunder born to wield,
And shake at once the senate and the field.”

In addition to Latin, young Muir had learned arithmetic, and he had thereby been duly instructed to *tak care o' his siller*. With these qualifications, and a stature of six feet two inches high, with a neck which measured half a foot of his altitude, a pale complexion, and sandy hair, indifferently dressed and bent like a carter's whip, from hill-climbing, he entered the regi-

ment: his head was small, and his nose long, so that, upon the whole, he looked somewhat like a green goose. But if such was the external appearance of the man, he was *nae guise* in worldly knowledge: Paw-paw had put him up to all the tricks of the town, and had warned him against them all; and he had likewise advised him never to mind being quizzed for his prudence, but *aye* to look after the main chance. When he arrived at head-quarters, which then were in the Tower, he was most kindly received by his countrymen and brother officers, but he certainly was quizzed and hard-rubbed a little, which in time gave him the Guard-polish. Shortly after his being released from the Tower duty, he was introduced by Villeroi to Colonel Greenlaw, whose love for the brigade induced him to take particular notice of him, and to make his house his home. Never, by any persuasion, could he be induced to go to a gaming-table, nor to give in to any extravagance. It chanced, however, whilst on a visit to the cottage

on the banks of the Thames, that Colonel Greenlaw accepted an invitation to dine with a friend in a retired part of the metropolis, which brought out a discovery and scenes hereafter to be described.

On their way to dinner, Colonel Greenlaw expressed his surprise at passing Westminster Bridge, and observed, "I presume, Villeroi, that your friend lives out of town?"

"A very little way," replied he; "my friend has taken country lodgings for the benefit of his health. He has a place in Essex, which is very unwholesome, and when in town he is at the St. James's, but he leads such a life there, that temporary retirement is absolutely necessary for him."

By this time they had arrived at a neat, small, ready-furnished house, with a grassplot and laurel in front, and a small garden behind. The door was opened by a servant in splendid livery; and the odour of soups, ragouts, and other French cookery, revived in the Scot's remembrance the din-

ners which he had partaken of with Lord Riversbank at Verez, Beauvilliers, *les Trois Frères Provenceaux*, at the Grand Rocher de Cancale, and the Cadran Bleu, in Paris, when his friend franked him: this he mentioned to Villeroi, who smiling remarked, that no fellow in the three kingdoms knew how to live better than Temple Blessington. But just as the step of the door was let down, the wily Caledonian made a very unsavoury quere: namely, "Sure—ly," (elongated most excessively,) "this will no be in the Rules of the Bench?"

"*Taisez vous*," replied Villeroi, "it is; but it is a mere momentary business, the fault of a d—d lawyer. Blessington has plenty of means, but the infernal law's delays, and all that sort of thing—I'll explain all that to you on our way home, and, *en attendant*, you will have a very pleasant day of it."—The Scot looked frozen to an icicle; but the entrance presented itself to him, and he ascended the staircase. The Colonel still understood nothing about the matter, and

was in high spirits. The usual presentations having taken place, dinner was announced by a French servant out of livery, and every thing was in excellent style, served on plate: the wines were mostly iced, and a very expensive dessert succeeded the repast. During the dessert, and the rest of the evening, Blessington sported a magnificent gold snuff-box, and had a ring on his finger of great value: this the Scot eyed *à la Paul Pry*, and *hoped he did not intrude* by examining and admiring both; from this moment he seemed to have an increased air of confidence, and drank both freely and cheerfully. Greenlaw was enchanted with both his reception and his fare; and the evening was spent in the utmost harmony. Two dandies withdrew shortly after the cloth was removed, motived on meeting their *chères amies* at the theatre: three others remained until day-break; they were all of his Majesty's jolly half-pay list, and,

“Alike to (*them*) both time and tide,
Winter's frost, or summer's pride.”

On separating, Colonel Greenlaw said something about giving them a cast, but they declined, adding "that they had not far to go," and straight they took the direction of the Obelisk. The Scotchman looked grave at this, and muttered, "I suppose they 'll just be Rulers." A flush crossed Villeroi's face, but he made no answer.

Silence prevailed for five minutes, when he broke out with, "I sincerely hope yon young man is no much embarrassed; he seems a good-natured soul."

"As ever lived," quoth Villeroi, "and his matters will very soon be adjusted; his difficulty is a mere milk-score, a thousand pounds or so."

"Why," rejoined Scotus, "his very ring and box would go pretty far towards that."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Villeroi, nothing pleased; "why, man, he has twenty as good horses as any in England, but who the devil would part with such things to a parcel of cheating tradesmen? His affairs will be arranged another way; and so let us have no more of it."

Villeroi was now set down at his hotel, and the Scot took a bed in the Square.

On reflection (for young Greenlaw had a restless morning, and was quite uncertain as to his safety, until he found himself once more on the river-side,) there were some things which appeared either mysterious, or inconsistent; such as the great intimacy with the persons and localities of St. George's in the East; looks, frowns, nods, and certain precautionary secret measures to elude the vigilance of the never-off-his-guard Caledonian, who seemed as if he dreaded that something infectious might reign in these parts, and that a man might catch the epidemical disease of debt like the measles, or the typhus fever; or that there were local maladies, which might come over a visitor of these parts, like ophthalmia, ague, yellow fever, or a *coup de soleil*; miseries dependent on climate, and accidents which might be visited on ignorance or imprudence. Amongst other inexplicable phrases, there was a very

striking one, namely, "How did Jack Manly come off in court?" Now his Majesty held neither levee nor drawing-room that day; it must therefore have been a court of law. The answer was, "Oh! pretty well at last, but he was *badgered* a little by the brazen-faced attorney, and the d—d opposing jeweller." At this instant a frown from the chair put an end to this colloquy: however, when the *top of the morning* (as Pat calls it) arrived, the same party incautiously informed his host in an audible whisper, that "Sam Slapbang had got out upon sixpence."

"What nonsense you do talk," cried Villeroi in some agitation: then turning to Greenlaw, he remarked, "They are getting a little fresh, and do not know what they are talking about."

"Nonsense indeed!" thought the latter; "it must be impossible to get out or in, or to do any thing else upon a sixpence." There was, however, more in this expression than he was

aware of, as will be explained very shortly. The third object of surprise was Blessington's calling back Villeroi, as he was quitting his house, and saying, " You had better come down here early to-morrow, Horace ; you may be inquired for. This was answered by, " Oh no ! that 's all flam ; I shall send my groom for my pony, and that 's all old Jones cares for."

This was very inexplicable to young Greenlaw and the Scottish gentleman ; but they understood the groom and the pony, and thought that where they were all must be right. Nevertheless, they recollected his friend's having winked his eye whilst pronouncing these words : this, however, might be an habitual trick. Delicacy would have forbidden Colonel Greenlaw from seeking an explanation from his friend, who, at all events, had procured him a very jovial day, with lots of wine, and lots of fun, and lots of good songs. But the raw Ensign, all unfledged as he seemed to be, ferreted out the

truth, and came out of breath down to Eglantine Cottage, to *warn* his hospitable friend that Horace Villeroi was a Ruler, *i. e.* an out-door inhabitant of the Bench, and that it was upon a day-rule, called a pony, that he flashed about in town: this accounted for his temporary disappearance out of term-time, and for his intimacy with the other Rulers. The Scot's hair stood on end at obtaining this information; but what was his surprise upon receiving the following remark from his friend, upon giving him this awfu' account.

“ Well, Muir, it's what we must all come to.”

“ What?” (in astonished and affrighted reply.)

“ Who knows who will be the first of us in the same scrape?”

“ *I ken fine that it will no be me.*”

“ Perhaps you will not be able to get on better than another, nor to keep out of the strong box, with all your prudence.”

“ Will I *no* ? ” was all his answer ; and from this moment he cut his companion.

Villeroi, however, soon managed his matters by a lucky hit at Newmarket ; but he never could get his Northern friend to visit him afterwards.

CHAPTER III.

LADY LYDIA'S DEATH.—WHO MARIA WAS.

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay’s offensive fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark’d the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that’s there,
The fix’d yet tender tints that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction’s apathy
Appals the gazing mourner’s heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon :
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant’s power.

BYRON.

“ SHE’s no more !”—was the commencement
of the letter. “ We are too much affected to

give you farther particulars. You shall hear from me again in a few days; and as I am on the eve of my return to England, it will be right to repose in your bosom some secret information respecting my dear Maria. Your difficulties have reached the gossiping circle of English at Florence, with two rival lords at their head. I hope they will not be such as to drive you from your *natale solum*; and if we can be of any comfort or use to you, you may command us.

“Your sincerest friend,

“B.”

It seemed an age until the next letter arrived, and yet the subject harrowed up his soul: his own difficulties at the same time distracted him. Villeroi went down to Greenlaw-hall, charged with a packet to Emma, and with the double embassy of raising the wind amongst the tenantry; but in this he failed. Young Greenlaw's haughty conduct had disgusted them. And although Villeroi stated his change of manners,

his determination to come down and keep a pack of hounds, and reside amongst them, they were not to be won over, and the envoy extraordinary returned unsuccessful. Shortly after his return, a second letter arrived: every line of it was a dagger to the breast of young Greenlaw. Although Lady Lydia certainly was self-devoted, yet, was it honourable, or correct in him, when actually engaged to another woman, or at least so far so as to be under promise of keeping himself single during his mother's life, whose consent could not be asked, and whose refusal alone was an obstacle to his union—was it delicate, or consistent with honour, to play with another lady's affections, and to carry appearances so far, as to render a final explanation necessary? And although she had long been casting her net for a fortune, what right had he to obstruct the legitimate and honest advance of any one else to sue for her hand? much less to turn jealous and to expect to engross her society, her marked attentions, and, in a word,

her heart. This trial of skill is too often practised in a very exalted sphere ; but it is not the less criminal, for it must lead to one of these terminations : loss of honour and reputation, or desertion and broken heart. Although fame may have been half preserved, and innocence be inviolate, there are seasoned *male coquets* who coldly and deliberately practise their arts in this way : in many instances the law cannot reach them, but they deserve not less the visitation of retributive justice. Young Herbert Greenlaw was a *mitoyen* in this state of guilt : half indeliberate, half the blame-worthy slave of inexcusable vanity ; and many a heart-ache it cost him. But to the letter.

It contained details too gloomy and too dejecting to bear repetition. The self-accusing sufferer pardoned, but attributed all her sufferings and premature decay to the one sad irrevocable, irreparable, and irrecoverable cause. Her parting advice to Maria was affecting in the extreme : she rejoiced in her having given her

hand and heart to a meritorious object. “Had I done the same,” said she, bathed in tears, “I might still be prosperous and happy; but I allowed interest to bias my first choice, and made my second where ingratitude spurned my affection. I might have married richly, and well, as Maria knows—title and fortune; but I hung out for something still more decisive and attractive, because *mon cœur n’y était pour rien* in the flattering offers: I thought I had found it in Herbert—*mais—*” Here she broke off—here Herbert could read no more. The reader must fancy the rest.—The succeeding article in the letter contained an account of the settlement of her Ladyship’s affairs. The most of her incumbrances (and they were very heavy) were annuities: these were paid off by the insurance-offices. Her other debts were liquidated by her brother; for although his Lordship had been offended at her imprudences, still was she his sister. The once gay, the beautiful and *bien-aimés* scenes of childhood flashed on his recollec-

tion, and brought nothing but regret and tenderness to his bosom. The family's honour was also at stake; and he readily gave securities of the most unquestionable kind to all her creditors, not secured by the insurance of her life, to satisfy them, both for principal and interest, by instalment payments; the first immediately, and the remotest in three years: which was a pretty good bargain to many who made two hundred per cent. by her. The conclusive portion of the sad epistle was entirely relative to Maria. "It becomes now necessary," were the words of the letter, "my dear Herbert, to say a great deal about my Maria. The information is of a very confidential and delicate nature; and in depositing it in your bosom, and trusting it to your friendship, I flatter myself that '*manet ulta mente repóstum.*' A cloud hovers over the nativity, or rather over the parentage of Maria, as it does over the chaste and charming Emma. An unforeseen event, namely, the union of the former with my unworthy self, has unavoidably

cleared up *in part* (for it is only in part) the one point; time, and *je me plais à croire* a similar event, must elucidate the other. On giving her consent to our marriage, Lady Lydia remarked, ‘Maria’s situation is like that of an orphan.’ You must suppose her such, accept her as such, and take her for herself alone. Fancy her fallen from a cloud, a being without a name, a shepherdess, a wood-nymph, or what you please. But a time must come when I will say a little more; *en attendant*, the blood in her veins is not plebeian, nor is she without fortune. She will have, on her marrying with my consent, which I now give, five hundred a year, which, indeed, has been paid me for some time for her education and *entrée* into life; and there will be some arrears which will create a little ready money: there may be family jewels one day or other, and that is all that I can at present say. She is rich in a simple unsullied heart, a fine temper, humility—which I fear has been increased by my keeping her down, lest the swellings of that

pride and vanity, to which I have sacrificed too much, might mislead her: nor will I conceal from you, that a little jealousy on my part, lest her youthful charms should eclipse those which general opinion seems to consider that I possess, has contributed to give her that modest air, and as modest self-diffidence, which endear her to me beyond expression. I have now told you more than I ought, perhaps, and more than she herself knows; for she considers herself as a poor relation of mine, and my *protégée*; and there exist powerful motives for her only appearing in the latter character to the world.' With this information I was more than satisfied, for I sought Maria for herself alone—for her good qualities, sweet temper, accomplishments, modest beauty, and, above all, for that reciprocity of affection which I knew she possessed for me; and I should have considered myself as a villain, had I, after awakening that sentiment in her breast, left her a prey to sorrow and disappointment." (This was a bitter pill for young Green-

law to swallow.) “ I knew not what fortune she had, and I was prepared for buffeting life’s billows with her, had she had none. Tranquil on this head, and more than satisfied, more than agreeably surprised at the income alluded to, we both of us offered to throw it into the common stock ; and I volunteered to sell out and contribute towards a compromise of her usurious debts, and to make some proposals respecting the others. This she rejected, but with more gratitude than the thing deserved : she had still a little ready money, and she knew that her brother would allow her something as long as she lived prudently abroad. But, whilst all this was going on, an uncle of mine died, and left me a small sum of money, which purchased my promotion, and added two hundred a-year to my income ; and, as I am not ambitious, and Maria’s habits are (in spite of all the extravagance which she has witnessed) prudent and domesticated, we can live in

comfort upon what we have, without envying those who may outshine us in splendour and the superfluous luxuries of life. I doubt not but I shall be as much considered in the Guards, and as much esteemed by my brother officers, as if I were ten times as rich : they know me well ; and I am bold to say, that no one act of my life was such as to forfeit their regard, or to dishonour the corps, the name of which stands so deservedly high.

“ Thus rolled on a brief space of time, when at last the danger in which her Ladyship was, made it necessary to divulge all that she could on the subject of my wife. It cost her a struggle, because she had to name one both dear and near to her, one who had been like her second self in childhood, and had grown up in youth and beauty with her, like twin-buds on the same fragrant rose-bush : in naming this dear departed object, too, she must strike a chord which vibrated harshly on her soul, and drew

a tone of melancholy cadence from its sound : it was a gloomy remembrance, and difficult to give utterance to.

“ Supported by a pillow, ‘ I had a sister,’ said she, in a whisper, inaudible to all but myself; ‘ she was very beautiful, very pleasurable, very gay; flattered and deceived by your sex, indulged and spoiled by her family, she came into life with much *éclat*; it was her ruin ——’ Here she paused for many minutes, then resuming her narrative, with still more difficulty, and a thicker, more interrupted breathing; ‘ Maria!’ uttered she, ‘ my dear Maria is my niece, the only remaining sad representation of my poor sister, Lady Emily. Maria!——’ Here she sank upon her pillow, but rising again, she added, in conclusion, ‘ Seek not to find out her father, the thing is impossible; his name is too illustrious to be blended in the fate of frailty. I promised never to give utterance to the secret buried in my bosom :—there——’ putting both her hands closed

upon her panting chest, ‘there it rests safely ; you will have an arduous task in disclosing this to my beloved niece, when I am no more : now send for her’—‘time presses.’”——

* * * * *

Herbert Greenlaw could proceed no farther. Little more was added to the afflicting billet ; it ended as letters usually do,—assurance of friendship, which here was sincere, but which a cypher might stand for in common correspondence, and the initials of the writer’s name.

Let us call a halt. Can we with propriety fly off from mourning matter like this, as giddy relations, and, in particular, inheriting ones, do from a black coat or gown to the extreme of the fashion, in colour, make, and texture,—or ought we not rather to dispose of this grave detail, and wind up the story connected with the unfortunate Lady Lydia ? We think the latter is best ; therefore, *voilà ! ce qui suit*. In addition to the intelligence imparted to the husband of Maria, she informed him that the

family jewels were in the hands of my lord her brother, and that he might or might not apply for them as he pleased at the present juncture, but that they must be given up when Maria came of age: her motive for having deposited them with her brother, was the state of ruin in which she left her affairs, and the fear of their being questioned, mistaken for hers, or meddled with in any way, so as to bring the name of her sister into public, in any form whatever, and particularly mingled with shame. Captain Bramblewood abstained for a considerable time from harrowing up the heart of his Maria with the recital, so agonizing to recommence, and he had resolved to take no steps about the obtaining the casket abruptly, nor without consulting his partner as to the mode of acting on the subject in the most punctiliously delicate manner; but, to his great surprise, on his arrival in England (or rather in town) the very valuable jewels were deposited at his agent's, with a letter to say, that the brother

of Lady Lydia would always receive Captain and Mrs. Bramblewood *as dearest friends*, (this was quite well understood,) and that he begged them to make his town house their place of residence, as he should, in a few weeks, return to the banks of the Rhine for the small remainder of the summer and all the autumnal season, and should winter in Paris, London being insupportable to him since his heavy loss. In addition to this packet and the casket, there was a handsome marriage present for Maria, together with the arrears of her income; and scores of congratulatory letters were found unopened; for although the secret history of Maria was ignored, yet it soon got wind that she had a pretty fortune, to wit, five thousand pounds, and five hundred pounds per annum; and she was believed by all to be a relation of Lady Lydia's;—some old tabbies went so far as to assure their *commère* acquaintances, that she was her daughter, but this her husband very soon took care to contradict and resent.

Lady Lydia, the subject of this part of our work, was the daughter of an earl. Her mother was also a peer's daughter, and a woman of great personal attractions, but of an easy inactive disposition: to see her children happy, and to lead the fashions in dress herself, were her only pursuits; she was no domestic dame, but a faithful kind wife, although *mala fama* hinted otherwise. She had two daughters, Lydia Augusta, and Emily Maria. They were stars of beauty, Lady Lydia bearing the highest refulgency of the two: the one excelled in the attractions which most stimulates the other in those which most enslave; the one was *la beauté piquante*, the other *la beauté languissante*; one took you by assault, by the fire of eyes which conquered in three twinklings like Cæsar's

“VENI, VIDI, VICI!!!”

whilst Lydia surrounded the senses by an overpowering host of enchantments, and made a heart prisoner on *parole*;—but that heart, had

she understood her own interests and her own felicity, would have been so freely fettered, that it would never have overstepped the limits of its gentle and delightful confinement; but the golden dreams of ambition, fashion-leading, and female power, intoxicated the tender young brain of this elegant and accomplished woman; she bestowed her hand where her heart was not, and our reader knows the rest of her history. At the period of her falling into her own net, she had passed her prime—that light which shines but once on earth on the living and waking dream of life, and which is no more when the meridian ray of brilliancy arrives. Summer's last rich rays were then upon her, or rather the richer and more mellow tints of an incipient autumn; but not a solitary wintry line had trenched upon her beauties; not one leaf of the rose had faded, or was fallen; the declining sun had not, in gilding, withered one fibre of the leaf; sweet expression was like the western sun, full and dazzling,

but it had not declined in love's horizon ; she was a woman to be followed, sought, and loved by any one ; she had capabilities to command admiration, and gentlenesses, suavities, and accomplishments to secure it. But such was her immeasurable ambition of conquest that, like a second Napoleon, she fell by her own strength, and, like him, perished *indirectly* by her own hand ; like Phaeton, a love-child of old Phœbus, she wished to equal, nay to outdo her progenitor, to be a light of the first resplendence ; and her fall was like the rash youth to whom his father, thrice striking his lofty and refulgent head (*illustre caput*) exclaimed—

“ Sors tua mortalis ; non est mortale quod optus.”

CHAPTER IV.

SORROWFULNESS, DREADFUL DIFFICULTIES,
THE KING'S BENCH, A RENCONTRE THERE,
SOMETHING ASTONISHING.

Soupir
1

Vent
vient

Venir
d'un

THERE, gentle and ingenious readers! ye that are familiar with the French language and take pleasure in finding out riddles, solving problems or enigmas, there is a puzzle for ye; but lest ye deem the trouble too much, *volti subito*, turn over a new leaf and you will find it done ready for your hand.

Un soupir vient souvent d'un souvenir.

Many an unbidden and obtrusive sigh escaped the bosom of our dejected hero: nothing but the oblivious, yet treacherous draught, which the full goblet offers, could calm the restless mind where fruitless regrets had taken up their irksome habitation; and when the false fire of ample libations poured out to Bacchus, had ceased to shed a ray of artificial mirth over the heated imagination, the waters of Lethe would not have sufficed to drown the remembrance of her, to whom no restitution of any kind could be tendered.

All vain, however, as doleful reminiscence might be, it had one salutary and useful effect; it confirmed the sufferer in his resolution of acting conscientiously with one object: and he wrote a very full and circumstantial letter to her, explaining his real situation, his faults, his difficulties, and his wish to alter and to retrieve them; adding the *immediate* offer of his hand, if, under all the circumstances of the case, she

should consider him worthy of her. At this critical juncture the second entailed estate was gone, the law-suit was decided against them, and he had no prospects left but the succession to the third, and only one entailed estate, provided he survived his father, and even then the rents would only suffice to pay his annuities quarterly; in the event of his having a male heir, they might join together in bringing it to sale, but that prospect was too remote and uncertain. In the interim, what he proposed was to let the town-house ready furnished, and to live on the Continent with Emma, until the demise of his father *at least*, if not for life; a sad prospect for a new bride! but as she was educated in economy and humility with the honest old parson, her attachment for her lover might perhaps surmount this obstacle, and induce her to take him “for better, for worse.” He began to awaken from his dream of ambition, and he now resolved in earnest on a total change of life; the whole difficulty was to pay off his nu-

merous servants, to effect which, he proposed to sell his stud under another name, as it were for a gentleman about to travel on the Continent; and he knew that Villeroi would be of infinite use to him in this arrangement, both as to accelerating and facilitating the business, and in keeping up the price of his dearly-bought, high-bred cattle, some of which really had celebrated pedigrees, and others had been furnished with them in the first genealogical style by the late famous Billy Ridett, well known to all the town, and to nobility of all ranks, from that of illustrious royalty down to Sir Jacky Jehew, and than whom no dealer, ancient or modern, ever could better make up a horse for sale, show him to more advantage, or furnish him with a flaming pedigree, which looked in print as well as any thing of the prince of all auctioneers, Christie, (of whom a ludicrous tale is told,—whether *au pied de la lettre*, or fabricated, we pretend not to decide,—purporting that he advertised a *cottage orné*, in

a most delightful and desirable situation, with ornamental pleasure-grounds in its rear, and a view of the high road and a *hanging-wood* in its front, which upon inspection turned out to be a gibbet. One sigh for poor Billy Ridett! who has in his time made princes smile, and who, like many an able commander by land and sea, escaped divers perils, by storms, reverses, *contrary* winds, and imprisonment, by the perils of *cavalry manœuvres*, and at last was driven suddenly, and in full health, by a fatal accident off the stage* of life. The horse-dealers of the metropolis ought to erect a column to his memory, with either a flying-horse, or Billy Ridett on its top, for he was an able brother.

Nothing could equal the impatience of Colonel Greenlaw to receive an answer to his ample, and, for the first time, candid and explicit address to Emma; but what was his dire dis-

* Poor Billy Ridett was a first-rate horseman, and an extensive dealer; he played the game through in his sphere of life, and perished at last by a fall from the top of a stage-coach.

appointment, on receiving no reply for a whole week ; and after despatching a courier, with relays of his own horses, at finding that she had gone to France, and had left no direction as to where her lover could write to her ! The Clergyman, however, took charge of the second letter sent, and offered to forward any future communication, but refused to divulge the secret of her exact place of residence. Thus her lover considered her as lost to him for ever : which an earlier sincere avowal of his immediate intentions, and an *exposé* of his real situation, might have prevented. The courier brought back a number of strange, contradictory, and (some of them) improbable reports. One was, that his master's father had had an execution in the house, and that Miss Emma furnished him with the money necessary for satisfying all the demands attending it, although it was for a large amount, arising out of the exorbitant law expenses of the trial concerning the estate ; some, however, thought that Miss Emma was only

employed by the person who brought the action to give the money to Sir John, particularly as the contending party had given up the costs, which would have ruined the defendant to pay. It was also rumoured, that Miss Emma must have had some *windfall*, (such was the courier's expression,) for that she had taken a poor French lady for her companion; and that, although she joined the main road on horseback, and met the mail-coach, she left it at night, and was met afterwards travelling in a chaise and four horses, and a footman in the dicky behind. Furthermore, the whole country was enraged against the Colonel for his extravagance in ruining the old gentleman, who was so good a landlord and so bountiful to the poor; they all cried out that his son would never be like him; and there had been a meeting at the Game Cock, when the farmers and gentry came to a resolution to offer their Lord of the Manor a sum of money to rid him of all my lady's debts, but that he was too proud to accept of it.

“That was right,” exclaimed the son with a sigh, accompanied by the swellings of pride; “my father is a most worthy, honourable man; I wish I resembled him!”

This was not all: the peasants were all up in arms against *Muster Latitat*, and said that it was all his doings that the estate came to be questioned at all; and all this about a d——d hen pheasant!—and the lawyer had been pelted and hooted, and his effigy stuck up against the church door on a gallows; and that two people had been put in the stocks, and two more sent to the county gaol; and that one of the game-keepers had a fine escape, for he gave *Muster Latitat* a hearty drubbing, and the lawyer had a witness concealed in the hedge; so he sent the constable after the keeper, but he would not take him, for he went a contrary road after him, and despatched his wife to tell him that he had got a warrant out against him; on hearing which, the keeper left the country and *listed* (as the narrator called it) for a soldier.—“Poor

faithful fellow!" ejaculated young Greenlaw, much vexed at all this exposure. And lastly, after all these squabbles, it was generally believed that the right owner had got the estate; nevertheless, the neighbourhood was made too hot for the attorney, for, after being turned out of the spouting-club at the Donkey and Dustman road-side house, and told by the new apothecary, who was a nice man, that he was not fit for any gentleman's society, and ordered to *evacuate* the club-room, he suddenly disappeared, and sold all his property in and about the place.—All this was most unpromising intelligence, but it all seemed as nothing when compared to the loss of Emma, with or without a fortune; on her his whole happiness now rested, and he was doomed even to be defeated here. In this dilemma Villeroi was his only resource; for although he had led him into extravagance, and introduced him to a promiscuous thorough-going set, and had been largely benefited by his patron, yet he had an English

heart, was true, manly, enterprising, and good-natured, added to a great knowledge of the world, and in particular the town, its difficulties, and the art of carrying on the war, when another would have been posed.

Villeroi, in a moment, supplied him with a little loose cash, and offered to go down to Greenlaw Hall, and to bring up an exact statement of the true unexaggerated case ; but he brought him, at the same time, a sad account of his stud. Withers had sold his master, and pointed out where all the horses were, so that they were taken in execution : at the same time he had sent in an immense bill to the Colonel's man of business, together with a month's warning ; and had been trying to find out the cottage on the banks of the Thames, the exact situation not being known to him ; but as two of the servants had already quitted, and all the rest were clamorous for payment, the secret could not long be kept. He therefore advised him to go to Brighton for a few days,

until news came from Greenlaw Hall, and some money might be raised by letting the town-house. Our hero objected, that this would give the alarm, and that the porter, house-maid, and errand-boy, were not settled with ; and observed, that he had only three horses and the cabriolet at the cottage, and that he should be ashamed of appearing with such a paltry turnout at Brighton, where lots of the Guards were, it being now the season. This was obviated by its being decided that four post-horses should be put to his carriage, and two of the most troublesome footmen taken with it, which would draw them off the scent. He would give it out that his riding and driving horses were to follow him. He was to start on a Sunday, stay only three days at Brighton, and then proceed coast-ways to Hastings, there to meet Villeroi, who was to borrow the cabriolet and horse and to sell them in the country, where they were not known. He could also get a wind-bill done at St. Alban's, where his credit

was good, and would bring the produce to his friend. All this was well concerted ; and on it the friends separated.

An able general may trace out the best possible plan of operations, every thing may be well concerted and in readiness, but the chapter of accidents may still frustrate the deepest-laid plans, and may overturn the whole campagne ; depending, as it very often does, upon a masterly *coup de main*, an unexpected advance by forced marches, or a skilful and imposing retreat, diversion, or change of position : an aide-de-camp bearing despatches may be intercepted ; a division may be cut off ; an orderly may miss his way, or his horse may fall dead lame ; an officer commanding squadron, division, or reserve, may move forward too soon or too late, and mar the success which beamed bright in promise ; lastly, *le materiel* may fail, resources may be wanting, spies and flying scouts may bring false intelligence. A want of the knowledge of the position and strength of the enemy

caused the loss of the most talented and promising officer (General Moore) that any service could boast of. Had an aide-de-camp not been surprised, and had Marshal Grouchy not mistaken his time at *Mont St. Jean*, the fate of that memorable battle might have been protracted, and thousands of lives might have been added to the desperate carnage on both sides. Had Napoleon not gone to Moscow, one hundred thousand of the flower of his army might have been saved ; the irretrievable ruin of his cavalry, and of his fame as a commander, would not *then* have taken place. And it may require wiser heads than the writer of these pages to calculate how long the Holy Alliance might have endured the novice potentate wearing an Imperial Diadem, in defiance of the other sovereigns of Europe. The weather is pleaded as a set-off for this decisive error ; the sudden approach of the severe winter season, as the freezing over of the Scheldt led to the conquest of Holland ; but *whether* this be true

or not, the facts seem to prove, that the *Chapter of Accidents* will do more than the *Chapter of Kings* (if so we may call united Monarchs in council, personally, or *per* representatives, for the interest of their realms in particular, and for the peace of Europe in general.)

An accident just as unforeseen as the immediate and proximate approach of the enemy's force in Spain, as the frost and snow of Holland and of Russia, as the intercepting of despatches, or the non-appearance of Grouchy in time, whilst old Blucher was *ready at the scratch* at the very nick and moment,—an uncalculated misfortune just as serious to our hero's success, befel him on *the* Sunday appointed for his change of position. He unfortunately came to town, dined at the new *Savoir Vivre*, ordered his post-horses at eleven o'clock, but missed the hour; and whether treachery, infatuation, the pleasures of the table, or pure accident was the cause, has never been more satisfactorily accounted for than the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick from

the confines of Champagne, of which hoary-headed nobles, who served in the brave little army of Condé, still talk in very ambiguous and discontented language.

Dinner was ordered at eight, but it did not appear until nine; the party consisted of three—two hard-going youths, who called themselves *Bricks*, and who *built*, doubtless, their fame on that name as staunch *immovable* fellows in a combat, or at a table; or (if our reader prefers it) *Trumps*, by reason of their many *winning* ways. Well, the bottle circulated briskly, the wine was exquisite, the bill immoderate, the moments gay and very precious. At half-past eleven, “Your carriage is at the door, Colonel” — (*per* head waiter.)—“D—n it, old fellow, don’t leave us yet”—(*per* Brick and Trump)—“A brace more of Lafitte.”—“Coming, Sir.”—“One more parting bottle.”—“Agreed, agreed, agreed.” One o’clock! the carriage step was down, when two uninvited companions *stepped* into the carriage with the Colonel. Brick was for showing

fight, the Trump questioned the clock, and watches were pulled out ; but the *watchman* came up at the moment, like a reserve, and turned the Colonel's flank and his horses' heads together. The *Trump* was of no use ; it must have been a *renounce*, for it did not count. From hence the enemy bore the captured Colonel to the house of one of the parties, who promised that he should be treated as well as if he was the first Lord in the land ; but on the second day civilly told his first-floor lodger, that there was no *chalk* there, and that, to be *blunt*, the *blunt* was what he wanted.

“ No tick ? ” quoth the Colonel.

“ No, Sir.”

“ Why, then, take *my tick*, ” and off went a magnificent repeater. John Doe bowed to the ground ; and Charley Wright, hearing that his customer was in trouble, begged leave to send him a dozen of his sparkling ; adding, that he must not speak about paying until perfectly convenient. Some of his Majesty's brave half-pay

were *quartered* at this house for a short time, on their march to *permanent* barracks across the water. Out flew the corks of Charley's bottles to regale men who had deserved well of their country; and off flew the party of unfortunates, in two days more, to the King's Bench, where faithful Villeroi, who had travelled all night, was in attendance with two sureties at the gate, and conveyed his friend to a decent lodging, *vis à vis* the weeping Magdalens and the Surrey Theatre, the entrance of which is forbidden to rulers, of which number young Greenlaw now unfortunately was one.

He felt like the young bird, the wings of which have been lately clipped: he was not *absolutely* in the cage, but *comparatively* so, (his range being limited) and it *superlatively* annoyed him. There were old *habitués* there, who, like old birds in a *Volière*, hopped about all unfeathered and shorn as their wing-plumes were, and, although they could only gallop up and down the streets in term time,

still paraded the fields of St. George's in the East, with rubicund complexion, easy and important deportment, paced it towards the Borough as if on business, and took horse-exercise in the different directions of Westminster and Blackfriars' Bridges, stopping to parley with pedestrians under Bethlem wall, and admiring the arrivals from France in the London-road. But such unrefined pastime, such exposure of adverse circumstance, (all unconscious as the performers are thereof,) such haunts, such walks, and such rides (unattended by groom) suited not the *cidevant* Captain of *the* Guards, nor him who had played his sunny hour as an *Elegant par excellence*. In his conduct, during his partial confinement, he followed Villeroi's advice, which was to rise as the sun set; to take his exercise by twilight, with bats and owls for his only spies; to dine by taper-light, trench upon the small hours, breakfast, read the papers, his letters, despatches, and the circulating library books in bed; never to be seen in day-light, so as to be identified with the place; and to keep

up no correspondence with town, but by a third person. In addition to this he was to live well, but to quack himself, as a substitute for regular exercise. All this was admirable; the means was the next question. He had carriages in the mews, but the servants in the Square knew nothing of his present residence, and they could not be removed; he had two riding-horses at his cottage, but the pantry, cellar, and kitchen departments had their accounts unsettled. All ready cash was out, the produce of the St. Alban's bill and all, when some articles of jewellery travelled with Villeroi in a coach to be *impignorated* (as a classic might call it) for the weekly demands, which were increased by our hero's having his brother officers of the half-pay, who had met him at *out-quarters*, as daily visitors at his table. Their debts were small, their courage was high, their honour unimpeached although misfortune had placed them where they were; and they were welcomed by a brother soldier with sincerity and cordiality.

Half past eight was the hour, in Temple Place, for the reign of hilarity, under the limited means which circumstances afforded, but which were still very generous and cheering, by turning to Spain and Portugal for supplies; instead of depending upon the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Moselle, and on the sun-burnt vineyard whence *Cote-rotie* is gathered, and the small tract from the rich soil and happy climate of which the grape of Sillery is expressed; and instead of repairing to the grotto at the Cape for Constantia, and paying for counterfeit *Lagrima* from Italy, and Imperial Tokay manufactured in London.

About half-an-hour before this important and revivifying period, Colonel Greenlaw walked forth in a sort of disguise, and a silk handkerchief covering the lower part of his face, when, to his utter astonishment, he nearly touched the elbow of the prudent, worldly-wise Caledonian, the cautious recruit of the Third Regiment of Guards, by name and title the

Honourable Ensign Muir. What a surprise ! had he fallen so early into the snare against which he seemed so well prepared ? He watched him entering three different houses ; but, upon perceiving that he eyed him a little attentively, he turned his head aside, and escaped from him. The dinner had now been waiting half-an-hour, and he could spare no more time to observe him. The cause which had brought him there we will reserve for the next chapter, together with a short description of the new *Savoir Vivre*, from whence the fashionable ruler was plunged into his present state of detention.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW "SAVOIR VIVRE" CLUB.—THE SCOTCH
RECRUIT OF THE THIRD GUARDS.—ALL GOES
WRONG STILL.

"—————Fruges consumere nati,
Sponsi Penelopes, Nebulones, Alcinoique."

THE new "Savoir Vivre" sprang out of the ashes of the old one, which flourished in those days when noblemen and gentlemen wore full-dress coats for an evening dress, when the politeness of Chesterfield formed a part of the qualifications for a candidate, and when exquisite taste, the encouragement of literature and of the arts and sciences, were deemed a proof that the youth knew what *life* was; *now*

life is a very different matter, whether *Life in London*, or even high life. But *life* is a most indefinite term: it may apply to mere existence, like the vegetation of a cabbage; or to active life, to still life, to pleasurable life, or to useful life. Like the word spirit; there are spirits of so many denominations that the term may denote wit, mind, soul, activity, vivacity, passion, ardour, alcohol, the spirit of contradiction, a spirit which is only temper (and bad enough), or the spirit of the times. A Frenchman once exclaiming against spirit-drinkers, very justly observed, that the term *eau de vie* ought to be called *eau de mort*: so it may be said of the new *Savoir Vivre*, the motto of which was

“Dum vivimus vivamus;”

but to which club our other motto, at the head of the chapter, would be more applicable, for there is no mistaking it: whilst *Dum vivimus vivamus* may be turned any way to a man's own purpose. The new *Savoir Vivre* translated it, “A

short life and a *merry one*;" and they had a second device, taken from a French song, which fully expressed their sentiments and their morality: the song is well known in France in all drinking circles, and was regularly sung as the cloth was taken off the table, probably as a grace. It begins thus:—

“Il n’y a qu’un temps pour vivre,
Amis, passons-le gaïement:
Pour le reste qui doit suivre,
N’ayons jamais le moindre tourment.”

The old Savoir Vivre boasted of a Lord Lytton, and some Right Honourable authors, as well as an Earl of Inchiquin, who was a profound classic; the new club sought after no such company, nor would they be bored by literature. The qualifications of the club were, to be a member of any other of the fashionable town clubs, to keep at least six horses, to pay down twenty guineas, and to spend half that sum at every banquet: a good person was also necessary, no ugly fellow was to be admitted. There were,

however, fashionable imperfections which were deemed as no impediment to a novice's *entrée* :—such as being near-sighted and carrying a glass, either pendent from the neck or stationary in the socket of the eye; or being what is called under-hung, because some of the box and stable-breed, the Newmarket and Melton Mowbray *trumps*, are thus, and it was thought rather *knowing* by the club; nor was a man's falling off below, like a bull-dog, objected to, because strong animals are often light-limbed;—but a pondering, bashful, or common countenance was excluded from the society. The want of hair on the forehead was an objection only obviated by a false front, of which there were many; and a face's being lost in hair, like a swallow in its nest, or a tom-tit in a bush, was considered as highly creditable to the member; moustachios were voted a place of preference, but if of any colour but black or brown, must be dyed; the chin tuft, or imperial, obtained a place of honour:—but none of these were to be assumed by civilians. This

arose from Sam Slapbang, the then president of the club, having met his linen-draper with a pair of false moustachios and a military great coat on a Sunday. The Secretary had also orders to report any member who appeared two days together in the same coat; and the wearing one of last year's make was punished by fine and suspension. It was generally understood that each member should know how to drive, and either have a four-in-hand vehicle, or a tandem; that he must either keep race-horses or hunters (both were thought the right thing); that he must be furnished with a carriage lady, a foreign servant, a lot of dogs; and must smoke, take snuff, swear, mill, and be able to drink three bottles of foreign wine, besides brandy and liqueurs. The main object of the meeting was to promote expense, and to encourage vice systematically. Play was like the order of the day, and if a man was skilled in it, he was thought a clever steady fellow, one who looked to the *main* chance, *id est*, the *main and chance*—"seven's the main," for

instance, and “eleven ’s the nick.” With all these tendencies to speedy ruin, it was not much to be wondered at that our hero met with the accident which befel him at the Club-house; nor that John Doe and Richard Roe should keep an eye upon an edifice and establishment, where so many rooks and pigeons, game cocks, and *guinea* fowls might be taken and caged.

We now come to a youth who never would have done for a member of such a club, composed of *gourmands* and *débauchés* of the stamp of Alcinous amongst the ancients, Greeks who might be called the *Nebulones*, and fools of fashion, who followed their example from a love of dissipation and habitual expense.

Colonel Greenlaw had scarcely sat down to table, when he heard a voice in a broad northern dialect inquire after him; but on sending down the servant to know who it was, he was told that the young gentleman would not leave his name, but would call again the next day, adding, “Ye may say that it’s a *frind*; am no seeking onny

siller o' him, nor come to mak' him spind his ain, but juist out o' friendship."

This was not easily understood, but who should step in next morning but young Muir! He came in a hackney coach, and entered with a huge basket in his hand, saying, "You'll no be offended, I hope, Colonel, at my bringing ye a wie pickle Kipper salmon, and a couple o' brace o' *muir fool*, (he laid them on a chair,) and some mountain dew, (out he pulled four bottles, one after another); your man will tak' care o' the bottles;" and drawing out a brown paper parcel, "some short *breed* (bread) made by ane of my sisters; and (shaking out the bottom of the basket) a mutton ham. They things are no sae guid as what ye've been used to; but they're a' that I can compass. Ye're heartily welcome to them, and the next smack that comes up will bring me a fresh supply, and some *li-nens*: so mak yoursel kimfortable. I've enjoyed your hospitality, and I'm grateful for it. I've little in my poo-er, but I should dishonour my family and profession if I

slighted a *frind*, or forsook him when his back was at the wa': Feggs! my folk were faithful *eneugh* to Prince Charlie when a' folk deserted him; else we might be a *hantle* richer than we are. They quiz me in the Regiment for my broad Scotch and e-co-no-my; but faith! I'll soon speak as high English as onny o'em, and I'll be booned to hae siller in my pouch when braw folk have spent a' theirs. By the way, I could spare you as far as fifty poonds: ye need nae be fikey aboot taking it, (he pulled it out, wrapped up in seven pieces of paper,) nor fash yoursel about returning it, as I'll tak' care that it will no distress me. I pay ready money for a' thing, and when ither folk are going to the billiard-table and the play, I'm reading my Latin, and perfecting mysel' in French and mathematics, or making mysel' thoroughly acquainted with oor ain history, and that of other kintries; *Experientia docet*." He now sat down, and laid the money on the table.

"My dear Muir," exclaimed his friend, "how kind you are!"

“Deel a hair.”

“You are one of the best fellows I ever met with !”

“That’s because ye spend your substance on a set o’ fashionable scamps. Bless you, Colonel, ye’ll no be offinded, I hope ; yon *childes* think naething of a man’s being ruined.”

“I hope you’ll stay and dine, Muir ?” said young Greenlaw.

“Naw, naw, I’m no come to lessen your stock ; I’ll see ye again in a few days. Pray, my dear Colonel, get rid o’ a’ yon trash at the Cottage—a parcel o’ foreign *deevils* ! and ye’ll be a’ right again. O ! feggs—I must pay off the coach, it will do me guid to walk home. *Sirr*, (to the footman) please to pay off the coach, and dinna gie him what he seeks.—Gi’s your haund, Colonel, fare ye weel !—I say, ye’ll pay dear for this *hoose* ; I sud a’ thought that (but ye’ll no be offinded) a first-floor might have done you for a little time, I hope. I’ll look out for ye in the Rules ; but it’s late the noo, and I’ve got to read

my mi-li-tary books, and to attend drill. I'll no be the last among 'em. Fare ye weel!"

The reader may be astonished at this rough diamond, shining like the Scottish gems encumbered with coarse clay on the Cairngorum hills; but must recollect that an education *snatched* at the High School, with diligence but economy, leaves the youth a good Latin scholar, but a bad English orator. From school the tall boy, outgrowing his coat every three months, arrived at head-quarters; and had to trust to his own mother-wit, prudence, and honourable principle, to steer his bark through life. Thus we see him studying and improving his mind when his comrades were at the club-houses, theatres, coffee-houses, and gaming-tables; and it will be found in the sequel how he rolled out into a strapping young man, well dressed and well informed. And as for acquiring a knowledge of his profession, backed by conduct and carriage, it is well known that old Caledonia is no bad nursery for heroes.

The fifty pounds were not unwelcome to the

novice-ruler, but Villeroi brought him bad news from the west : his creditors were inexorable, no terms could be made with them, nor was there a line from Emma. It was now evident that her lover had neglected the interests of the heart too long ; he had been too tardy and backward in proposing to fulfil his promise when the obstacle which stood in the way of their marriage was removed ; she naturally felt ill-treated, and had perhaps, in disgust, left her native land for ever, with the view of trying to forget him who had slighted a sincere and spotless heart. At the same time that *les affaires du cœur* went on thus ill, his pecuniary difficulties increased daily ; every morning some fresh detainer was lodged at the gate, so that it took all the kind-hearted Scotch lad's fifty pounds to pay for an extension of the rules.

Whilst they were consulting about what was best to be done, a note arrived from young Muir, brought by a tall, well set-up, cold-looking Scottish-border soldier of the regiment, in a drab jacket, with huge armorial bearings

engraven on his buttons, and a large cockade in his hat. This was Muir's servant; he came for the basket which was left the day before, and for as many of the bottles as might be empty; and he *had* his "maister's compliments to Colonel Greenlaw, and had sent him some Scots' ale, and some marmalade of my lady's making; and he expected some *haddies* and a *guisse*-ham next week. He had also a note to deliver; it had the finest possible arms upon it, and informed his friend, that any day that he was alone he would take a mutton-chop with him in a soldierlike way, but could not bear to see him eaten up by *a' folk*. He concluded by earnestly recommending him to get a lodging, and to pay off all his useless establishment; and reminded him that in a few days term would begin, and he hoped for the honour of his company at his poor little lodgings in Westminster. The invitation was accepted, and on Greenlaw's saying to Sandy Jamieson, footman and private, "Give my best regards to your master," Sandy replied

with three bows, "They 'll be vari acceptable, Colonel."

Two of the servants had found their way up from the Cottage to Temple-place, and were both insolent and clamorous for their wages, and talked of sticking their master up at the gate; when a sharp double-knock was heard, and as sharp and quick a voice accenting "two-pence," proclaimed the arrival of the post. It was only the two-penny delivery, which to a ruler denotes a dun; had it been the general post, it might have given the new life of hope. Happy institution! delightful invention! powerful aid of lovers! balm of friendship, and mute messengers of consolation! which can reduce distance to ideal presence,

"And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole!"

The letter was bulky, but its written contents most brief; the handwriting was almost common printing, a complete disguise. The words were these:—

“ This comes from a real friend, one who has learned your distresses from public report. The amount of your difficulties is represented as enormous: if so, they will be beyond the writer’s power to relieve you from; but if otherwise, state all particulars, with the names and abodes of your creditors, and you may have them settled. Accept the inclosed in the interim; it is given cheerfully, and with best wishes.

“ P.S. Direct your answer to Mr. Timothy Timewell, General Post Office, Lombard-street; to be left until called for.”

“ Well done, Mr. *Timewell*!” exclaimed Ville-roi, “ never was thing better *timed*: let us now examine the *envoi*. Five hundred pounds, by all that’s lucky! Five flimsys of one hundred each! Now, old fellow, see how you can make the most of the money, you have five thousand against you at the gate.”

“ I wonder,” slowly uttered young Greenlaw,

with a sigh, "I wonder what angelic being has sent me this: it hurts my feelings to accept it from an *incognito*."

"Nonsense, old fellow! I hope you never will know who sent it to you. Whoever it is wishes not to be known, and you would offend such a one by discovering it. Very probably it is the Duchess of Oldstyle, who has an angelic heart, and is one of the few who

'Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

Leave Timothy Timewell alone, and let us take pen and ink and make out our list. We must reduce its amount. Imprimis, the jeweller—well off if he gets one third ready money, *our* joint security at a long day for the rest: 2d. tailor—half, and a post-obit if any one will take it: 3d. horse-dealer—one quarter, and any body's acceptance at two years for the rest: coach-maker—he will withdraw the detainer, and trust to your honour for five hundred."

"Yes," interrupted the Colonel," but you

don't count an immense number of creditors who have not lodged detainers; and there are many debts that I ought to pay *in toto*; and my servants?"

"Well! three hundred will do all this, and put two hundred in your pocket, and ask Timothy Timewell for a brace of thousands, dispute the Jews, bail the wind-bills, and get time for the rest; for if you tell Timothy Timewell the truth, you will frighten him out of the field. Trust to me for the rest, if we can get from twenty-five hundred to three thousand pounds and some decent presentable paper; Muir will accept, and I'll make a tavern-keeper accept—he must be a bankrupt soon, at all events; and you can sell your carriages and build new ones."

Young Greenlaw sighed again; none of this accorded with his present ideas. But Villeroi penned a letter to the anonymous, or rather fictitious-named correspondent, and left it to be copied.

He then started to negotiate the best he could, and, amongst other places, called upon the honourable young Ensign.

“ You must accept this bill for two hundred and fifty pounds,” said he, “ but it will be provided for.” The Ensign drew his breath, gave a short cough (a very bad omen), turned the bill up and down, backwards and forwards, which was drawn by the Colonel, indorsed by Villeroi, and the name of John Jones under his on the back.

“ Captain,” said Ensign Muir, “ it’s a *vara guid-looking bill*, and I dare say you’ll get it done *onny where* ; but you ken I’m no major.”

“ Major !” quoth Villeroi, “ no, nor Captain, but I tell you your name will do very well.”

“ You dinna understand me ; I’m no of age.”

“ Oh ! that’s of no consequence, they’ll not ask that.”

“ Ay ! but ye ken I’ll no tell a *lee* about it.”

“ Well, we’ll take our chance for that ; just put your name to it.”

“ Could na you get your agent to do’t for you ?”

“ No.”

“ Some o’ the Colonel’s frinds ?”

“ No.”

“ It’s a *guid-eneugh bill*, I’ve nae doot ?”

“ Come sign, time presses.”

“ You may say that, but I’ll no sign, I wud nae do’t for my faither ; but I’d risk my life for him or for the Colonel. I have made a *voo* (a vow). But I say, *saften* doon the thing to the Colonel. I’m no rich, but am honest. And do ye come and dine wi’ me the first day o’ term, the day after to-morrow : come wi’ him. I like ye vara muckle, if you were na sic a rattle.”

Villeroi negotiated the best he could ; but Timothy Timewell’s money did not come forward.—The first day of term came. At seven o’clock, Greenwell and Villeroi drove up to the honourable Ensign’s lodgings in Villeroi’s ca-

briolet. The house was an obscure one in Westminster; the landlady was the widow of a surgeon, a Mrs. M'Culloch, relict of Doctor (i. e. surgeon) M'Culloch, and was a Stuart by name; as straight, as tall, and as proud a looking woman of sixty-five as ever the sun shone upon. She was dressed in the Stuart tartan, and opened the door *hersel'*, and then called the Captain's man; she at the same time took care to usher the strangers into the parlour, where an oil painting of the *young Chevalier* was over the chimney-piece, together with her late husband's *claymore*, a china closet full of valuable old china, and an enormous family bible on the table, covered with crimson velvet, and clasped with silver.

“ You have some valuable old china here?” said Villeroi, whilst Sandy Jamieson was coming down stairs.

“ Yes, sir, we 're a' auld-fashioned thegither, and I should no' let lodgings unless our family had met wi' reverses; nor unless I kent

wha I was latting my pre-mi-ses *too*. There are revolutions in states as well as in families. But here comes the young gentleman's *sarvant*. *Ablins* you 'll be of Scottish extraction yoursel'?"

"I am not, madam," replied Villeroi; "but I should be proud if I were."

She smiled thanks, and the friends went up stairs. The room was more like a study than a dining-room: books heaped upon books formed the principal furniture, but a table spread in the middle, with a very fine damask cloth upon it, and napkins to correspond, bearing the family arms and coronet, announced that dinner was all ready: a map of his father's estates, the arms, and a family-tree were also very conspicuous.

"How fond you Scots are," said Villeroi, "of having all your family records about you!"

"Why," answered the Scot, "there's nae harm in keeping them, to put us in mind that

we must no dis-ho-nour them ; there are sae many temptations."

Dinner was announced: it consisted of barley-broth well prepared, *fish and sauce*, (a dish so called, and a good one, in Scotland,)—this the serjeant's wife, who was no contemptible cook, had dressed: to this succeeded a brace of pheasants and a hare.

"Why, Muir," said the Colonel, "you are treating us in a too costly manner to-day."

"*Deel* a bit; the game was a present from young Lord Shuffleburgh, of card-playing notoriety; it came wi' a *caird* to invite me to an evening party.

"And you're going?" said Villeroi.

"Feggs, no—I ken better sense; but I cou'd na affront him by refusing the game, which I am gläd to hae for yere sakes—

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' "

The port and sherry were excellent, and they were not given sparingly; four wax lights also blazed upon the table; and at eleven o'clock

coffee was brought in by Mrs. Stuart herself, dressed a second time in a black silk gown. This was not done to stop drinking, but to show breeding, and still more to exhibit Mrs. Stuart's beautiful old silver-chased tea-tray plate: every body bowed to the landlady, and she bowed to the company. She begged to draw their attention to a breakfast-cloth under the tea-tray, which was of the very finest texture, although old and in places repaired: it had the arms of England in the middle of it.

“Where did you get that, Madam?” said Colonel Greenlaw.

“Oh! the young Captain kens where I got it.” It had belonged to the Prince Charles Edward, and its being produced was the highest possible compliment.

Villeroi, who was up to every thing, now proposed having a jug o' Glenlevat whiskey-punch, with some of her ladyship's marmalade in it.

“I hae plenty mair wine,” proudly ob-

served Muir; "but if you like it, ye can get it."

"And some cigars, old fellow," said Villeroi.

"They are a' here. I hate smoking mysel', but I prac-tise it because I must, wi' sa manny who smoke; and it's a fine thing on service, which I hope to see some day."

"You are a regular trump," said Villeroy; "tip us a song, and we'll sit and drink with you until all's blue."

"Ye may sit until a's green if ye like; you'll be mair welcome than ye think; and nobody shall harm the Colonel, unless he walk over my *deed* body." (The spirit was moving him, but the heart was true.)

"My dear Colonel, am sorry I could no' sign the bill, but I'll gie my heart's bluid for ye." And so he would.

The song, the pipe, the *toddy*, and the friendly conversation, went on until daylight, when a hackney-coach was sent for; and Muir, with Sandy Jamieson behind it, conveyed their ruler

guest down to the *Templa quam dilecta* of St. George's Fields; for Muir, grateful for past attentions, would have given his heart's blood for his friend, although he would *no* accept the bill.

Sound sleep surprised the prisoner on *parole* (for such is a ruler); but no answer from Timothy Timewell, nor one line from Emma.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG SCOTCHMAN'S WAY OF LIVING.
 —A RAY OF SUNSHINE—DISCOVERIES RESPECTING EMMA.

Not stayed state, but feeble stay,
 Not costly robes, but bare array ;
 Not passed wealth, but present want,
 Not heaped store, but slender scant ;
 Not plenty's purse, but poor estate,
 Not happy hap, but froward fate ;
 Not wish at will, but want of joy,
 Not heart's good health, but heart's annoy ;
 Not freedom's use, but prison's thrall,
 Not costly seat, but lowest fall :
 Not weal I mean, but wretched woe
 Doth truly try the friend from foe ;
 And nought but froward fortune proves,
 Who fawning feigns, or simply loves.

From the Paradise of Dainty Devyses.

M. Yloop—1578.

LIFE is a voyage through a stormy and tempestuous ocean : the young passenger looks

for nothing but fair winds and prosperous breezes, success afloat and merriment on shore ; but when the stormy season sets in, when squalls and hurricanes confine every man to his birth, and when it requires brotherly co-operation, union and strength, mutual courage and mutual services to weather the gale, each man feels his dependence on his fellow man, and more practical philanthropy is taught than a whole library of theories or historical accounts can furnish. Thus it is in adversity,—the man who has cast his wealth into the expanse of society, is like the boy who watches the course of the waters of a river or pond by throwing in a stone : its weight and impelling force are felt at once, and the circle which they create around it is wide, agitated, and distinctly marked ; but it contracts and narrows, weakens and diminishes, until it comes to nothing, and is imperceptible as the sinking object goes down. Thus it is with man's gratitude : the circle of the patron is broad and obvious, large and per-

ceptible, whilst he is above water, or tangible by the stream of prosperity ; but when he sinks, not a segment of a circle is to be traced, to mark his existence or to point out his fall.

Of the numerous companions, *soi-disant* friends, the guests of his table and dependents on his purse, none were found to approach him in the hour of need and time of trial, but two, who might have been the least expected, namely, a ways-and-means rattle, on whom no one would have counted, and a poor young Scottish lad, prudent and timid as to exposing himself to losses and difficulties—one who had run away affrighted from these very precincts of a prison, as if he dreaded the infection of it ; yet these were the men who stuck by him to the last—a bold, dashing, honourable principle stimulated the one ; determined attachment and gratitude, grounded on reflection, impelled and secured the other. To give even the dinner which the Caledonian Guardsman hospitably bestowed, would have inconvenienced him, had

he not made up the expense by after privations. But it is with Scotch hospitality as with Scotch courage: the Caledonian knows how to watch and to fast, to suffer all kind of privations, and to bear patiently in order to obtain a glorious object, one dear to his heart from true friendship or sterling honour. Thus do we see the tempest-struck, weather-beaten, climate-wasted warrior, pass a whole life of danger and fatigue to arrive at the summit of his profession, to mount the ascent of fame, or to insure at last an honourable retreat; and, as our High-School friend would have said—

“*Nam parvis componere magna solebam*”—

in a minor way, thus does a poor hospitable Celt willingly submit to keep Lent for weeks, for the satisfaction of regaling a friend, a benefactor, or a party of good fellows.

On the following day to that on which Ensign Muir had entertained his friends, he called in Temple-place, to know how his guest was, and if

he could do any thing to serve him. Trouble would be nothing to him, and no more could fairly be expected. In the confidence of friendship, he said to young Greenlaw, “ You ’ll no tell any body *whar* I live ; my letters are directed to the Mount Coffee-house. If am *puir*, am *prood*, and the honour of my name would no correspond wi’ sic wi’ bit lodgings. But the woman’s a *puir* worthy widow, and o’ the same kintry as mysel’, that is to say, she’s Scotch ; although she be Highland, and we are frae the border : the price of my rooms benefits her ; and I’d rather do her guid than a stranger. There’s my man Jamieson ; again : he’s a private ; and bed and board, besides a wi’ bit siller weekly, mak him and his honest body o’ a wife, Christie M’Clarty, comfortable ; and she washes, and cooks and cleans for me ; and Sandy taks care o’ my wardrobe, and mends, and does manny an odd job for me. Nabody kens hoo I live : but when I go oot I mak as guid an appearance as anny brother officer ; and I receive manny a nobleman’s card at the

coffee-house, and visit none but the first fa-mi-lies. The rest o' my time I devote to my duty and to hard study. I ken fine the bluid that *rins* i' my veins, and I's warrant ye I'll no disgrace it: so that's the way I live."

"And a very honourable way too," replied the astonished Colonel. "I wish I had been bred as you have been, and had lived as prudently."

"Dinna think, at the same time, that I would do a mean or dirty thing. No! I respec the regiment, and I respec mysel too much for that. When I'm with my comrades, I gang *pari passu* (accented very broad, *paw-ri pas-su*) with them; but no gaming, no extravagance. I ken how to spare to spend, and naebody's the wiser for't. A man may be invited *oot* o' toune for a fortnight, or may be confined wi' a cauld ye ken, and in that time he may retrench what a day's plee-sure has cost him. Noo let me tak a lodging for ye, and I hope ye hae gotten rid o' your de-vou-ring domestics and yon foreign trash."

The Colonel thanked him, but declined his offer; and the Scotchman went off crying, “Ay, ay, ay! weel, that’s a pity; it’s just murdering o’ money to pay sae muckle for a ready-furnished house.”

At this moment a ray of sunshine broke in upon the gloom of confinement. Timothy Timewell’s answer arrived with a draft on Messrs. Hammersley for three thousand pounds. The draught had come from France, and was drawn by Lafitte on their correspondent in London. This accounted for the delay: but there was no farther trace by which the donor could be ascertained. Strong suspicion fell on Emma, and her lover felt mortified in the extreme at receiving this assistance without an answer to his letter bearing the offer of his hand. “She succours me in poverty,” said he to Villeroi, “but she despises me and rejects my proposals with scorn, because I made them too late, and have waited (not intentionally, I will swear) until fortune has favoured her. I deserve it all, and I will not

accept of the money;—it degrades me: it is mere charity.”

“Stuff! But you shall accept of the cash; you are by no means sure that it is from her. I will have my way this time, and you shall be out of this place to-night. (To the servant) Pack up your master’s clothes.—Let me see; three thousand three hundred, which leaves you two hundred *en poche*. The house is let; from which you can afford twenty-five pounds per month out of the hundred to a decent fellow of a creditor, who will sign first and bring in the rest. The price of two carriages sold, and some wind-bills, and there we are with very long delay for the rest: so I’m off. *Au revoir*. I will be back in a few hours. Farewell!

All this time the mortified and disappointed lover paced the room in great agitation. At nine at night Villeroi returned. All was settled, and a plain job-carriage conveyed the ruler to Fenton’s hotel. There the carriage was discharged; and Villeroi’s servant, who was an old stager, gave it out that the Colonel’s house was under repairs,

and that he was come there for a week : which last piece of information was true, it being agreed that he should remain there for those few days, until he could decide what place to fix on for his residence. The point was difficult : his not being on terms with his father prevented him from going to Greenlaw Hall ; and his not knowing exactly where to find Emma made him dubious where on the Continent to bend his steps. At dinner-time it was moved that it would be no bad plan to take down his only two remaining hunters, and a brace of hacks, to be purchased on tick, to Oxfordshire for the hunting-season, where he could vegetate upon seventy-five pounds per month, until something turned up. All was arranged so as to be carried into effect in a few days ; when a welcome incident overturned the scheme and gave further hopes and further speculations, although not so decisive as he could have wished. The foreign post brought a letter which was forwarded from the Square ; and upon ex-

aming the superscription, the fair hand of faithful Emma appeared upon it. She had been at Lausanne, and was just returned to Paris; this accounted for the delay in answering his last.

The contents of the letter were conceived thus :—

“ Indeed, my dearest Herbert, I did think myself not only neglected, but forgotten, when your welcome letter reached me, bandied about as it was from one post-office to another. You know my heart too well, to suppose it any thing but deeply interested in your welfare. The consideration which you seem to think that it required ere you informed me either of your difficulties, or of your adherence (if it was not a *return*) to your former intentions respecting our union, hurt me so much, that I had resolved to expatriate myself, and to remove the poor unworthy object which might prevent you from making a more desirable alliance with wealth and nobility; nor do I feel even now justified in pursuing any other line of conduct. Fancy

yourself, my dearest Herbert, rich again—and believe me there is more good fortune in store for you than you are aware of; and under this impression, act as you would have done when your hand might have been ambitioned by any one. You will of course see the propriety of my adding no more until I hear from you again. In the interim, there is one thing that I have most particularly at heart: namely, that you should be immediately reconciled to your worthy father. I think I can put you upon a plan, and accelerate that much-to-be-desired object. The old gentleman wants money to repair the hall, and to live in his usual hospitable noble manner: ten thousand pounds' worth of timber may be cut immediately, but he cannot fell a branch without your consent, and he is too proud to solicit this under the present circumstances. Write to him, my dear Herbert, without delay, and offer to unite in raising the money which the wood will fetch: humble yourself to him, and you will be exalted in my eyes; pride

is foreign to filial feeling ; your duty demands this sacrifice : renounce all share in the proceeds from the timber, and I know a man who will advance you what you may want during your respectable parent's life. Pray do what I wish without delay, and believe the sincerest and most affectionate of your friends to be

“ EMMA.”

“ P.S. Captain and Mrs. Bramblewood are on their way to England. Adieu !”

Thrice welcome as this letter was, yet there were passages in it which gave Emma's lover pain : a retrospect of his improper conduct, his pride in allowing the breach betwixt his father and himself to be still uncemented, the delay in writing to Emma, and the appearance which it assumed of self-interested conduct. On this score his heart acquitted him ; but it was not sufficiently evident to his dear Emma that he was ignorant of her improved circumstances, which had now fully come to light, and of which

Villeroi gave him a circumstantial account on having the tidings from a lawyer of eminence.

It would seem from the very best authority, that the title of the second entailed estate had, like many others, not been questioned for a long lapse of years : its being meddled with was the effect of pure chance, and arose out of the quarrel with Latitat the attorney. The facts were as follow :—The estate in question was not a strictly entailed estate in perpetual succession, but one purchased and entailed on two branches only, that of immediate succession, and to one collateral, who was the last heir of entail, and consequently could part with the property at will. This last heir of entail was Herbert Greenlaw, the elder brother of the present Sir John Greenlaw, and consequently the uncle of Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Gascoigne, which second name was the original family name, (that of Greenlaw being taken for the estate and property of Greenlaw, entailed from a collateral branch in failure of direct issue, and descending from Sir

Roger Greenlaw, Knight, in the reign of King George the First.) Now Herbert Greenlaw, not being married, and having lost a very considerable sum of money by his extravagances abroad, sold the estate to Sir Basil de Mandeville, then at Rome. The necessary title-deeds and papers went through the accustomed forms, but Sir Basil being killed in a duel, and the vessel being lost which conveyed his remains, and all his papers being wrecked, not a trace of the transaction which had but recently taken place was to be found; and Herbert Greenlaw dying intestate by an accident, in consequence of a fall from his horse when hunting soon after, had never notified the sale to his brother, who considered himself the unquestionable heir to all the property. Sir Basil's other estates went to heirs male, and were conveyed to a distant branch of the family. Sir Basil had made a will, but it was not to be found; and he had married a beautiful Polonaise woman, the mother of Emma; but, as the marriage had been kept a profound

secret, no steps were taken by her to proclaim it. The revolution in Poland had ruined her fortune, and she consented to allow Emma to become the protégé and little companion of the Princess Grashinski, a most romantic woman, who, being disgusted and disappointed by court intrigues, and having, in her old age, outlived ambition, vanity, and the love of pleasure, needed an object for her heart to rest upon, something to amuse her, something (to use her own words) “to be good to;” nor could she find a more innocent, or worthier object than infant Emma, whom she adopted for her child.* Her having

* Nothing can be more humane and amiable than this feeling of maternity, which many women have cherished who have either lost their own offspring, or have never borne the tender name of mother, and which, as they descend into the vale of years, induces them to adopt some orphan, or other innocent, on whom fortune has not smiled. This benevolent act, however, never gains credit in this censorious town, and strange likenesses are invariably discovered by some good-natured person, some rout-going Paul Pry, or female Marplot. It is cruel, however, thus to frighten the heart of sympathy from indulging in its kind inclination. As a proof of this

got acquainted with the clergyman, at whose house the interesting orphan was afterwards domiciliated, was a matter of accident: she met him at a watering-place, and considered him as a fit guardian for youth. She afterwards, on a journey in search of the picturesque, paid a visit to the manse, the gothic appearance of which pleased her. Shortly after, she paid the debt of nature, and bequeathed Emma, with a genteel annuity, to the Reverend Divine, leaving strict testamentary orders that she should be brought up in the utmost humility and econo-

we knew a certain woman of rank and fashion, who found and fancied a deserted orphan; but, on her lord's return home, he insisted on the removal of the object of her glowing charity, swearing that he would have *no ready-made children* in his house. "Was this well done, my lord?" Nevertheless, many of those objects have turned out ornaments and honours to society, and comforts to their motherly patronesses. We would ask if Miss Bruno, who was brought up in the late Lord Ashurst's family, the young Lady who was adopted by the late Duke of Fitzcharles, and the protégé of a great Catholic lady, were not bona fide orphans? We hear the tongue of scandal say, *Peut-être*.

my, to the end that she might be fitted for any station in life, in which her destiny might place her, and might equally grace the sumptuous board of nobility, or be the solace and comfort of a poor but honourable gentleman. The plan of her education was chalked out; but she confided to the Clergyman the secret of her birth, which she equally forbade him to reveal until Emma should come of age, when he was directed to make all possible inquiries into the family affairs of the heirs of the late Sir Basil. What induced Paulina, the mother of Emma, the more freely to part with her infant was, the total impossibility of providing for her, and the immense riches of the Princess. It was with a view to obviate the loss of the landed entailed property, which would deprive his widow of a suitable provision, and to create a fortune for his infant daughter, then only a few months old, that Sir Basil made the purchase in question; and he had all his papers and parchments in due form when the rencontre and fatal catastrophe deprived the

lovely Paulina of a husband, and poor Emma of a father. He had said something to his wife about the purchase of an estate, but it was an oral communication, and she had no written document to support it; wherefore she was the more willing to part with her child, as the only means, not only of laying the foundation of her future welfare, but of discovering in England the true state of her husband's affairs, who had kept his marriage a profound secret, motivated on his uncertainty whether he had not another wife living who had been confined in a private mad-house for very many years, but who, upon inquiry, was found to be no more not one month prior to his second union—all of which was hidden from Paulina; so did this infatuated man nearly fall into his own snare. The news of her demise had been withheld from him for a considerable time, and it was his intention to declare his second marriage on his arrival in England, whither he intended to go the very next day after the affray at a masquerade which led to his premature end. The

small-pox, which is often fatal in countries where inoculation is very little practised, closed the career of Paulina, a boarder in a convent ; and the Princess Grashinski's age made her demise no wonder.

The Clergyman kept his solemn promise as to the profound secrecy which was observed respecting Emma's birth, who, by the caprice of the Princess, was to be called Emma Basil, until the veil of mystery was withdrawn which hid her name, her family, and pretensions. It chanced, however, that the Lawyer Latitat being employed in some business for the Mandeville family, whose estates were only thirty miles from Greenlaw Hall, heard them say that the title of the Greenlaw family to the estate in question was doubtful, and that a rumour prevailed, spread by some foreigner, that it was not entailed, but had been sold ; but, nevertheless, for the want of sufficient evidence to dispute upon, it could not be claimed : the late Sir Basil was named as the purchaser, but no credit was attached to the re-

port: *somebody* had said it *somehow* and *somewhere*. Here the matter rested until the affray on account of the shooting the hen-pheasant, when Latitat vowed vengeance, and offered to send all over the world, if necessary, to bring this matter to light. But first he called upon the distant inheriting Cousin of the late Baronet, and got him to sign an instrument, giving him half the value of the estate, if by his researches it was recovered, considering that, as no will of the late Sir Basil's was forthcoming, his property would of course devolve to the nearest of kin, however remote. After much fruitless inquiry, the Foreigner was discovered, a former *Valet de chambre* of Sir Basil's; and he fully substantiated the purchase of the estate, together with the two signing witnesses,—the one a *Signor Abbate* O'Rourke, an *Hiberno-Italian*, but who had left Rome many years, and of whom no track could be discovered; the other a Scotch settler at Rome, a David Muckleweem, who used to spoil English dishes for travellers who liked to carry

home with them all over the world, who made plum puddings and minced pies, and who decked out lean beef with horseradish by way of the roast beef of Old England, but on whom the British traveller bestowed kindness and consideration, convinced that the Palazzi, the orange-groves and flowering myrtles, marble statues, stupendous edifices, and glorious antiquities of Rome, Naples, and *Genova la Superba*, bring nothing with them to represent the humble bower or homely cot, the mansion or manor-house, cabin or country quarters of home, sweet home ! Thus does patriotism, that love which made the Roman of the Heathen era a lion in defence of his *Penates*,* and the Briton of the present day,

* A dispute arose in Paris, after the Peninsular War, betwixt an Irish Ex-Purveyor of the Army, and a retired Buonaparte Soldier : each talked of home, each preferred his own : the Gaul said in an impassioned tone, “ *Je suis toujours prêt à combattre pour mes penates*,” (the word *penates* pronounced *flippantly penat* ;) “ And I,” replied Pat, “ will *come-batter* you when ever you like *pour mess patat*” (potatoes.) The Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, but no fight.

whether from East, West, North, or South, the Thames, the Tweed, or the Shannon, invincible in war, and home-sick in peace,—render home alone the seat of comfort: for, wander where we will, the *dulce domum* is present to the mind. But we had almost forgotten the attorney. David Muckleweem was returned *non est inventus*; but in the absence of these two substantial evidences, Leonardo Trombone, and a man of straw who would swear any thing, were produced, and, by ransacking and scraping, the purchase of the estate was established without a word of the marriage or will. The action was brought in the name of the Mandeville family; for, had there been no will, the property must have fallen there: the suit was repelled on the plea of insufficient evidence: a bill of equity was filed for the production of all papers connected with both families, and we know not how many estates. The inquiry brought back the Hiberno-Italian from North America; and just as the cause was decided in favour of the Mandevilles, the coun-

try Curate puts in his claim as guardian to Emma by virtue of the Princess's will, and wrests the prize from Leonardo Trombone, the Mandevilles, and Lawyer Latitat, the swearing man of straw, who *levanted*, and all the junta conjured up against right and justice, Emma, and a weak pleasurable father's interest: who, willing to sacrifice Paulina to his passion, and yet desiring to do well by his offspring, had entangled a hank of confusion, which nothing but accident and frustrated nefarious intentions could have unravelled.

CHAPTER VII.

RECAPITULATION.—IMPATIENCE.—RETURN OF
BRAMBLEWOOD.—A GUARD DINNER.

“ Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluant ingrataque tempora,” &c.

HORAT.

WE have got, dear readers, into chancery, and that may not *suit* all your tastes. The progress of the court is slow, and the getting out of it is tardy and uncertain; the details of proceedings are dry, complex, and amplified: therefore, let us emerge at once, by stating that the good and true cause won, the orphan was righted.

Scarcely less tedious than a night sleeplessly passed by love betrayed, or hourly counted by the suffering debtor; not less irksome than the last year of wardship, under an oppressive, severe, and unjust guardian or step-mother; not less long than the sailor's dog-watch, or the sentry's lonely round—was the delay intervening between his second letter to sweet Emma, and its life-giving answer. She had trusted it, by way of security and expedition, to a private hand; which is the very best way we know of for putting the interests of the heart, or pocket, in jeopardy.

It frequently occurs, at Paris, Naples, Florence, Brussels, or elsewhere, that a most astonishing officiously obliging man, who is here and there and everywhere in an hour, with offers of service, protestations of regard, and assurances of his extensive interest and *moyens*—franks at your command, which are sure to be above number—opera, and other tickets, which never come—introductions to

friends who are certain to leave town at the time—and *entreès* at courts, palaces, and public places, which some accident never fails to prevent—presses, and insists upon taking charge of your despatches, the volume of which is no object whatever. Well, this Sir David *Doall-things* calls for your commands; and when the confidential packet is made up, when the romantic female correspondent has breathed her very soul into the tender epistle, filled the foldings over, as well as the whole body of the letter, with *cross-barred* writing, minute, close, and expressive; when she has got a last adieu squeezed under the seal, and bid farewell—pretty creature! sitting up half the night,—so often, and so emphatically, that she might truly say,

“ Good night, good night, ten thousand times good night,

This parting fills me with such pleasing sorrow,

That I could (*write*) good night until to-morrow ;”

—when she has marked the tenderest, yet most expressive words, with treble notes of ad-

miration ! ! ! and treble lines, not less effective than the completing the first parallel, or drawing lines of circumvallation round a town* besieged ; when these lines are drawn thus, under words intended to sink into the soul ; for example, thine, and thine alone ; when all this has been effected, what does Sir Davy do ? Why he carries about this important state-paper—this triple alliance of love, friendship, and quotations—rhyme, rhapsody, and romance, until it grows somewhat rumped and soiled, the wax of the seal fearfully perforated, and having a cupid's wing lost on the road, or the inferior part of a bleeding heart carried away by accident ; and when it is a little out of date, and a good deal the worse for wear, he pops it into the first post office, and makes the eager correspondent pay heavy postage for this communication, in-

* A heart may be besieged as well as a town ; it may likewise either be attacked by rule, or taken by surprise, a *coup de main*. When an estate goes with the hand, a fortune-hunter *sits down before the place secundum artem*

tended to be gratis, by a private hand: and the only way that the letter-receiver can account for this pull upon purse is, the words "*favoured by Sir David Doallthings*," being very badly rubbed out. There are good and serviceable ladies too, who go on in the same way. There is Lady Bridget Bustle, who will take charge of any thing to oblige a friend, the drawing of a *flottant* or a *falballæ*, a robe or a *chapeau du dernier goût*; a copy of original poetry; a song not yet in print in England, or a novel just come out; smuggled shoes and gloves; or *le Petit Courier des Dames* inclosed in a full sheet of memorial paper or fool's-cap, written all over: but when the departure arrives, the fashions are laid on the shelf and forgotten, until revived in the public newspapers and magazines; the poetry and *chançon* serve to curl her ladyship's hair; the smuggled goods are sent by a public conveyance, and are seized; and *le Petit Courier des Dames* either breaks down on the road, or travels a month after his time *par la petite poste*.

Thus it was that Emma de Mandeville, wishing to send an inclosure to her lover's father for his own perusal, entrusted it to a dear, obliging soul, who took it down to Bath with her, and then sent it up by the post with a second letter of apology. It was mislaid amongst other papers of importance, and only just found; for which reason it arrived ten days later than it would by the ordinary conveyance. *Voila pourquoi.* We advise our fashionable readers never to trust any papers of importance *per* private hand, not even by the ambassador's bag; since the writer of these pages once met with a worthy, who promised to put a document into an ambassador's bag: the document was lost, and the obliging offerer left him who accepted his services, "*the bag to hold.*"

Previous to the much-desired answer which was the subject of Emma's second letter, Bramblewood and his new bride arrived in town. Their first anxiety was to find out their old

acquaintance Greenlaw, and to offer him any assistance which they prudently could afford out of the savings of minority, which created a little ready-money fortune, but which he generously declined. Their meeting was joyous, yet not of unmixed mirth; the tear of remembrance mingled in their cup. Maria could not behold the intimate acquaintance of her kind friend and relative, without retracing many scenes of past folly and of past felicity; nor could Herbert Greenlaw contemplate the mild features of Maria, without calling to mind a thousand upbraiding *souvenirs*. What affected him much was an almost last request of Lady Lydia's: it was, that Maria should accept her miniature, and get it faithfully copied, to be presented, with a lock of her hair, to Greenlaw. "As he contemplates it," said she sorrowfully, "he may heave a reminiscent sigh, and learn never to deceive another. And do thou, my dearest Maria, preserve the original, the striking resemblance of thy poor weak, vain friend; and,

by it, remember the love which she bore thee when living, and which, for potent reasons, she dared not discover *qu'à demi*; and, at the same time, study to avoid her errors, and to be indulgent to those of others." Her intentions were of course fulfilled; and it was observed, that from the moment the copy was taken, Herbert was more reserved with female society, nor ever after decidedly flirted with any fashionable *belle*, nor plied her with those warm attentions and laudatory speeches, which are calculated to mislead the novice heart, but which are so very prevalent in the highest and most refined society. Another thrilling *souvenir* arose out of a French song,* which Lady Lydia

* Lady Lydia was, like a certain amatory old Princess (not a Landgrave), a very pretty French poetess, a thing very uncommon even amongst the very first French scholars. This *would-be Ninon* may recollect lines of hers which began:—

“ Cette austère froideur dont ta vivacité me blâme,
Et que tu crois peut-être un vice de mon ame,” &c.

Lady Lydia, as we shall see, was equal to her Serene

had composed for her lover, but which she never would give him. It was found amongst her papers, and presented with the miniature ; and ran as follows :—

THE SONG.

Loin de ta présence chère,
 Je ne vis que par mes amours :
 O ! doux charme de ma vie,
 Ton image soutient son cours.
 Cruel absence, par ma constance
 Seule je brave ta rigueur ;
 Souvenir tendre, venez me rendre
 Ce que l'amour a de douceur.

Amour, rassembles tous tes charmes
 Pour l'objet de ma tendre ardeur :
 Ecartes loin de lui les alarmes
 Que l'absence cause à mon cœur,
 Peins lui sans cesse, de ma tendresse
 La force et la vraie ferveur ;
 Et qu'en son ame, ta pure flamme
 Ne brûle que pour son bonheur.

Highness in this line, and was as accomplished a woman and as consummate a *coquette* : but her flirting did not go the length (as a Scotchman would call it) of chronicling her in the annals of gallantry—We say no more, *c'en est assez*.

To this *impromptu*, made by the elegant and accomplished Lady Lydia, she solicited Bramblewood, whose classical knowledge was not small, to affix some Latin device, motto, or head lines. This conversation took place during the ultimate days of her rapid decline, which so augmented that the subject was dropped. After, however, the young married couple lost her, who, from the period of their union, was most affectionately fond of them, the idea was revived, and frequently presented itself to their mind; when, after a little consideration, Ovid's *de Tristibus* offered what perfectly suited the purpose, and what failed not to produce on the reader the effect alluded to, in what might have served as an epitaph to the tasteful ancient poet. It is this:—

“ Invenies aliquem qui me suspiret ademptum,
Carmina nec siccis perlegat ista genis.”

TRANSLATION.

“ Go, my sad lays, you 'll find in memory dear,
Some one to whom my loss may cost a tear.”

From all these lookings back (if we may be allowed the expression), the first day of meeting which was spent together, was one of woe; but, as sorrow cannot abide with us always, it was agreed, *pour distraire* the friendly trio, that they should visit certain places, and enjoy certain rational amusements together: amongst the first of which was a guard-dinner for the male friends, the young Benedict being obliged to mount guard very shortly after his arrival in England. The second was His most Gracious Majesty's Juvenile Ball; an entertainment in which a great deal of heart is mixed up, and which has in it a good feeling and a sensible intention, not easily perceived by the vulgar, but which are worthy of that Monarch who reigns in the affections of his people, of all ages and ranks, from puerility to manhood, and from the court to the cottage. The third was Lady Sunbury's Sunday party, the very loadstone of attraction to taste, *virtù*, and fashion.

We shall commence by the Guard-dinner, as it came in rotation.

Any one who has been a soldier at heart—and it is not easy to serve our country without being so—must have felt, upon seeing his old corps pass by, an inward warmth which causes his affections to cleave, as it were, to the very facings of the regiment: his country's banner is a general object of military love; it represents honour, inspires duty and obedience, stands in proud representation of our King, and awakens every spark of loyalty and patriotism in the soldier's bosom. The humble writer of these lines has often asked himself, why a tear has started in his eye, when the Royal standard has crossed him in his passage through street or park? and when, imperceptibly, he has felt his right hand clasp his head and bare it to the emblem of monarchy:—and when, he confesses it fearlessly, he has thought of that King, and, willing to follow his fortunes and his fame to the cannon's mouth, he has exclaimed, forgetting

all other ties, “My King against the World!” But if the Royal standard inspires these exalted ideas, it is not less true that the regimental colour brings to remembrance that friendly, almost family feeling, which is harboured in that breast which has beat with regard for brother officers, and with zeal for the honour and credit of the corps. Dwells there a military man so lost to sentiment, that he has not (if twenty years retired from the regiment or service) looked, the very first thing after a battle, at what is said of the Old Guards, Blues, Bays, King’s-own, Royals, Highlanders, or the like? And when the Gazette has been presented to him in any form, who has not said to self, “Come, let us see who is on the list of promotions in my old regiment!” For the service, dear Military Readers, is like matrimony; we cannot live with it, nor without it:—we fancy to ourselves that we have too many hardships, and too little success; but let any ex-officer lay his hand upon his heart and say, has he not always regretted retiring

from the service, as age tells him, that, had he remained, he would have been nearly at the top of the tree? Thus it was with Militia-Colonel Greenlaw, at the regimental dinner: he looked back to the time when he was a Sub, and heartily wished himself once again in the corps. When first he entered the celebrated brigade, he was a mere Exquisite, a composition of foreign affectation grafted upon proud inexperience; but now that he had seen more of the world, had been moulded anew by the Guard *ton*, had known his follies, and had his heart mellowed by vicissitudes,—now it was that he would have truly enjoyed being in the regiment, but it was too late. On his entering the room, he was surrounded and welcomed by *quondam* comrades, at the head of whom was the estimable Colonel Leadon; and amongst whom names and titles shone which have shed a lustre over the page of national history in days of yore, and may still enrich the monuments of bravery in future ages. There were also some lisping

lady-killers, whose success in the field may, one day or other, equal that which they now have in the drawing-room and *boudoir*: these made a happy mixture; the anecdote and instructive conversation of *les anciens* formed a *chiaro'scuro* with the *chit-chat*, fun, frolic, and levity of the youthful *militaire*—turning upon fine insteps displayed in the ballet, sun-bright eyes of a triumphant Cyprian, the favourites of the Paphian court, the *faux-pas* in high life, the last party, the newest face, the Age—jokes and puns, horse-racing, gambling, the exquisite fit of a coat, or the superiority of Ponty's cigars, and other *light* subjects not to be made *light* of. With this agreeable *mélange* the night wore on, and when Greenlaw had to drink success to his old corps, his failing voice indicated that he felt what he said, and that *Il n'y a pas de fête où le cœur n'y est pas*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING.—HIS JUVENILE BALL.—HIS PARTIES
IN GENERAL.

“Tarda sit illa dies, et nostro serior ævo,
Qua caput augustum, quem temperat orbe relicto,
Accedat cœlo, faveatque precantibus absens.”

OVID. METAMORPH.

Julius Cæsar in Astrum mutatus.

HE who has ever had the honour and pleasure (for such an advantage contains both) of seeing his present Most Gracious Majesty in a circle of society, which his amenity, elegant and polished manners, and kind heart, *have drawn* round him, can alone duly appreciate the value of such a treat. The King has a variety of talents the most eminently calculated to endear him to those who

approach him ; and the nearer that approach is, the greater the power of the magnet : attachment irresistibly follows such approximation, for there are an infinity of reasons both for loving and admiring him. First, the condescendence which invites a subject to partake of his sumptuous hospitality ; next, the lustre of his conversational abilities ; thirdly, the superlative polish of his exterior ; fourthly, not only *manners* the most exquisitely refined, but a *manner* which is all and quite his own, and which gives the last touch of finished high-breeding and affable politeness ; and which, like odours of rich flavour which embalm the air, not only delight those who enjoy their fragrance, but seem to impart a portion of it to those who come within their power and influence. The King, doubtless, must have studied the Graces more than any other crowned head or subject ; but what has repaid him amply for this is, an ease which puts all study, art, method, and system, beyond the line of comparison. His Majesty is naturally

graceful in person, attitude, and the play of countenance, and has a facility of acquiring all the accomplishments of the body : but there is a huge portion of mind mixed up with all this, which presided over his studies, and bears a part in every gesture and change of his features ; and there are also a warmth and kindness presiding over the motions of his person and intellect, which gain him every heart, and which make a stranger wonder how he can preserve such exalted dignity mingled with qualities dependent on humility, and which, in general, are strangers at courts. But the fact is, that the King not only possesses a very strong and superior degree of good sense and discernment ; but he has, from his earliest youth, examined books and men. At the same time, he has not, like the misty-minded potentates of the larger portion of the Continent, intrenched himself in cold pride, and been blinded by the cobwebs of obsolete error and regal prejudice, seeing through the medium of sycophants, and

and acting through the agency of interested minions. The King, when Prince of Wales, mixed with his nobility and gentry ; descending the lofty steps which lead to palaces and thrones, to view his people, not at a distance, but in close contact. His smiling countenance (and his smile is of a peculiar radiancy and attraction) was felt and welcomed by all who perceived it. At different Clubs, his (then) Royal Highness appeared as a private character, with no star but the rays of an enlightened interior ; no decoration but a princely person and a noble heart ; seeking no humiliating subserviency from those whom he deigned to make his intimates and arm companions : but commanding duty, service, deference, and love, from all those with whom he thus cordially and kindly associated. In the sporting-field, the Prince of Wales was a forward and a first-rate rider, a very fine intrepid horseman, yet never forgetting gracefulness—which is not absent from him one moment even in the most trivial circumstances or actions. At

the review, or parade, his fine person and sonorous voice were seen and heard both with surprise and delight : with surprise, because he had made himself most respectable as the commanding officer of the field-day ; with delight, because he went through his business in a most pleasant yet dignified style as a Colonel ! Here he stands pre-eminent. The most grateful sight that a soldier and a subject could possibly enjoy, was to see him mix with the officers of his regiment, and make himself at once the brother, prince, and friend, just as he now is the father, ornament, and the beloved Monarch of his people. So much for that innate goodness which enabled him thus to rule and reign in the loyalty and affections of his people. But with this inclination to be generous and kind, Nature had also most extensively gifted him with a quick apprehension, which seizes knowledge in its first stage, and which, leading to taste and elegance of idea, perfected all which he undertook. His person manly and graceful, his features soft yet expres-

sive, a benign smile, and an harmonious cheerful voice, would secure attention for one of even humble birth ; but what an ornamental form did these assume when coming from the heir apparent of a vast empire ; from one born to reign over a nation celebrated in arts and arms, by sea and land, and which held the balance of Europe in her just and mighty hand ; arresting the course of tyranny and oppression, and calling neighbouring nations, under her protective wing, to enjoy their rights and just privileges ;—in fine, when such amiabilities proceeded from him who now wears (and long may he continue so to do !) the diadem of the freest and most thinking people in the world ! Amongst his well-known accomplishments may be counted his being a scholar, a linguist, a first-rate dancer, a fluent and elegant speaker, and a thorough musician, both as a performer on the violoncello, and as being a correct judge of harmony in all its departments, composition, execution, effect, style, and

tendency, and its greatest perfection, vocal or instrumental. The King is not an ordinary *amateur* of the concord of sweet sounds—not one of your *bravo! bravo! vastly pretty!* men—who have a smattering of music, and listen to it from fashion; he feels it, it goes to his soul, the sympathies of which are well known to those who nearly approach him. There is a last accomplishment, which is, “though last, not least in our dear love,” namely, his table-talent. Here all who have ever participated of the feast of friendship and the flow of soul with the most illustrious and able chairman who can possibly fill a chair, must have felt that they were under the wand of the enchanter. Since the rich autumn of his Majesty’s years has taught the trite but useful lesson, (hard and difficult for youth to learn,) to be merry and wise, the pleasures of the banquet have been more regulated and less extensive; cheerful and witty conversation has been in general succeeded by a concert; and, by retiring at a prudent hour to

rest, the King is preserving that health which is dear to every honest man in his dominions, and which we ardently pray will lead to a happy, healthy, and extreme old age ;—but when his Majesty entertains, in form and at large, his magnificence, munificence, and taste, beggar all description.

Amongst the well-chosen festivities of his palace, and the amusements of his hours of recreation, is the Juvenile Ball, a scene in which he appears with wondrous grace. The march of years, from manhood to old age, brings along with it virile habits and ambition's dream, which last engenders pride ; it is therefore not to be wondered at, that those who arrive at and beyond a ripe age, not only spurn the amusements of infancy and childhood, but also can find no amusement in the company of children. Higher gratifications and higher pastime await the full-grown man ; regrets, asperities, and a difficulty to be pleased, are the portion of old age. The busy member of society, the

voluptuary and the miser of all ages, as well as the *sexagenaire* of milder habits, become—

“ Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti,
Se puero, castigatōr censorque minorum.”

It is only to those who possess the mellow-ness of the heart, that a real joy is felt in making our juvenile acquaintances happy ; in descending from state and form to impart a fatherly fondness to the miniatures of what we once were ; in indulging in hopeful interest in their young career, and in promoting and watching over their welfare. Great and good men love children, but ordinary men cannot be troubled with them. We have heard money-making and money-loving men, as well as starched, stay-laced, and high-dressed insipids, rail at indulgent parents for “*boring them with a parcel of brats at the dessert,*” and laugh to scorn those who humbled themselves to play with boys and girls ; and we have seen maiden aunts Deborah, together with other withering and disappointed spinsters, pat children on the

head, with a look which seemed to indicate a fear of contamination by coming in contact with them, and great apprehension lest a flounce might be discomposed, or a false curl dishevelled by children's hands; and we have watched these severe ones put the little creatures from them, with—"There, that's a good child—now run away—that's right, make haste!" But in contradistinction to this, we find the bravest and the best men delighted to play with youth and innocence, from infancy to their *teens*: a *Henri Quatre* tumbling on the carpet with his child, actually receives an ambassador; a Mr. Pitt, hunted round the room by two sportive boys, and as much pleased as if he had nothing but fun in his head, is found by the astonished father; a great extinguished light, the late Hon. Henry Erskine, was romping with the children of his friends wherever he met with them; and lastly, his present Majesty is all heart and good-humour at a child's ball, to give which he must naturally suspend the ordinary course of his

other personal amusements. On these occasions, he ensures an early and sincere affection in the hearts and minds of the rising generation, and makes an early and lasting impression on them both, which time can never obliterate. It is like the engraving of love on a tender sapling, so beautifully expressed by Maro's soft-flowing numbers,—

“ ————— Tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus: crescent illæ, crescetis amores ;”

—and it is not only *like* it, but it is the thing itself. The love of the Sovereign for his people is thus graven on soft materials, pure and pliable as the fairest tablet; Gratitude sinks the impression deeper on Memory's page; and as the scion grows into an oak-tree, King and Country stand in capitals in its heart's deepest core; and, like our wooden walls, the Monarch's heart is with the hearts of oak, and they are with their King, —sink or swim,—and both may be done triumphantly for Britannia (to use the loyal and

eloquent Sheridan's immortal expression) "with her flag flying."

After saying thus much of the royal amusements, and the charm which our King's presence lends to the festive board, our readers may expect some historical traits of the *Veillées du Chateau*, and of royal amusements in general, from regal Windsor to antiquated St. James's, from Carlton Palace to St. George's Cottage, and from an excursion in the royal yacht to the *delassement* of Virginia Water. These, too, might be furnished, but what would be the amount? Only what we have just recorded:—splendid taste, the heart's munificence, and a presiding Prince, for whose polished brow the Graces and the Muses, Mars and Venus, may entwine the votive wreath, and for which a United Empire may braid the roses of York and Lancaster now grafted together—the oak of England and the laurel of conquest—and finally,

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine:"

for the French ballad tells truth in saying,

“ Sans un petit brin d’amour
On s’ennuyrai *même à la cour* ;”

and which is rendered more sublimely, but not more intelligibly, by the great Scottish bard,

“ Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above.”

Nor can we conclude the subject of the juvenile ball without noticing the order, etiquette, and good arrangements thereof, the *dramatis personæ* who perform, the very youthful Graces who figure on the floor, the juvenile cavalier’s attention to his little lady, the perfection of the pupils, whose masters direct the balletorial department of the opera boards, the studied assiduities paid by attendants to their illustrious master’s young guests, nor the pride of mothers’ hearts on this exhilarating occasion.

His present Majesty has another gratification, which a cheerful mind and a benevolent heart alone can take pleasure in, namely, that of seeing

a second generation spring up, to vie with the former one in love and loyalty to their King; and we fondly hope that it will be his lot, and the good fortune of the Nation, that he may yet have a third, dancing at the Juvenile Ball.

The circumstance which procured our hero, and the happy couple, the felicity of being eye-witnesses to this heart-moving scene of youthful enjoyment, given by our beloved monarch to the growing nobles of his realm, (youths and maidens destined, probably, to awaken the fire of their ancestry, the male in wisdom and in arms, the female as the chaste stock from which sages and heroes may yet rise,) was that of the late Lady Lydia's nephews being invited to this distinguished party, to this captivating *fête*, where the eye of Majesty lights with complacency on the lovely daughters of lovely mothers, on the brave sons of brave departed sires, and on the dawning features of genius, of those whose fathers have been able statesmen and faithful servants of the throne; whether still filling their

high offices, retired to an *otium cum dignitate*, or chronicled for their well-deserving by a grateful country.

The day after this festivity, the trio of sincere friends dined together at the town-house of Lady Lydia's brother, who had started for the Continent. The cause of the delay which prevented Emma's lover from hearing from her, could not be accounted for, until the obliging person's letter, who took charge of it, arrived with the *satisfactory* account of its being so long detained. It was satisfactory, inasmuch as she accepted that hand and heart which never ought to have balanced, and whose wavering and aberrations, to their full extent, were fortunately not known to her; but a violent cold, attended with fever, and which she caught at a *fête champêtre* given by a certain Duke not a hundred miles from the *Champs Elysées*, on the advantageous marriage of an interesting *protégée* with a rich English gentleman, caused a farther delay in her arrival.

These matches are now becoming more frequent since the long peace. There is something very pleasing in the uniting of the lily with the rose ; but it somehow occurs that this sort of matrimony seldom produces the vast felicity of the contracting parties. The basis upon which these nuptials is founded, is either the self-interest of the fascinating *brune ou blonde*, or the cupidity of some uncommonly *aimable cavalier* who dances, compliments, and flatters himself into the good graces of an heiress : and sometimes an airy title is the bait which the marrying Miss catches at.

We have had some countesses and baronesses within these last few years who have not much profited by the title or estates of their lords and masters : we have seen *des Comtes de l'Ancien Regime*, and *des Comtes du Nouveau* : old nobility fallen into decay and pensioned on British benevolence ; and modern nobles of the Buonaparte manufacture, half educated, but decorated and ennobled in the field of fight, with no ancestors

at all, and no particular partiality for England, —although its beauty and gold, or even its gold without beauty, is very acceptable to them. Thus, we have introduced into our families *des Comtes anciens, des Comtes modernes, des Comtes amusans, des Comtes qu'on fait, et des Comtes pour rire*—together with Barons of Barren-lands, and Chevaliers of all orders, even *d'Industrie*. But, independent of the danger of misrepresentations in alliances, the views of a foreigner do not easily coincide with those of a native; and, with all the respect and regard which we have for our allies, we nevertheless know that we always have to subsidize them; and it is in love as in war, British gold generally turns the scale.

Before the arrival of Emma, another mystery was cleared up, and young Greenlaw had an additional cause for loving and esteeming her. The vague rumour of the unentailed estate which Sir John brought into the market to supply his son's extravagances, was now ascer-

tained to be nothing less than the property being bought up by an agent for Emma de Mandeville, who reserved its annual produce for its former proprietor, and made a tender of it to him; but which, from the disinterested offer of his son to cut timber, he no longer needed, being now made perfectly comfortable in pecuniary matters. The purchase-money of this last estate arose from the savings of Emma's minority, and from a farther sum of money bequeathed by the Princess. A legacy also fell about this time to Sir John, from a branch of Lady Gertrude's family, and the fortunes of his house were beginning to look up; for, it being now understood that Herbert was to be speedily married to Emma de Mandeville, every thing bloomed in prosperous prospect.

Here again Bramblewood threw in a portion of generous assistance, by getting rid of the tenant, and paying a quarter of a year's rent of the house in the Square into the Colonel's agent's hands, unknown to him, and as if it

came from the tenant, who had no farther use for it, but who, in fact, had it for his time gratis, on thus giving it up. Thus he became possessed of the maternal mansion once again ; and he soon prepared it, in the handsomest possible way, for the arrival of his bride elect, who, by a second letter, announced that she might be expected every day, and for whose arrival love, friendship, and esteem, were all in expectation ; for a misanthrope even must have said to her, however unflammable to female worth and female attraction,

“ Madame, cent vertus ornent votre beauté
Et je ne trouve qu’en vous de la sincérité.”

MOLIERE.

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING CALLS.—TRIFLES.—MORE SCANDAL.

“Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?”

HORAT.

MARIA, who was no slave to the fashions and customs of the town, said, on the morning after the juvenile fête, to her husband,—
“Let us for once have a little mischievous amusement, by disappointing our morning visitors in letting them in. They will be so put to it, so posed, so little prepared for the five minutes chit-chat, that we will enjoy their confusion, and teach them a lesson

of sincerity. Not but that I am of opinion, that morning visitors are mere unprofitable idlers, and that to sit in state as Lady Panamar does, with a golden *écritoire* before her, and ringed and jewelled to receive company, or with her pencil poised in her *large* hand be-diamonded over, and a bushel-basket's contents of visiting cards, invitations, and solicitations for patronage, on her richly inlaid table, by way of showing how much she is in request—is a most vile and irrational way of passing time ;—but, nevertheless, as poor dear Lady Lydia never did let in morning, or rather afternoon calls, before dinner, let us see what sort of a set we shall have, and how great will be their astonishment at being asked upstairs.” The word was given to the groom of the chambers, that *Madame est visible*—and no sooner said than done ; a thundering knock was heard at the door, as if the card-bearing visitor meant to take the house by storm. Captain Bramblewood hid behind the second drawing-room curtain, and distinctly saw Mrs.

Pinchbec extend her arm with her card. A footman informed her that his mistress was at home : the *kind* visitor turned round to a relation in the carriage, elevated her eye-brows with surprise, and exclaimed, “ What a frump ! I wonder Lady Lydia had not taught her better. But you see, my dear Jane, what these *toad-eaters* are, they do not know how to behave when they get establishments of their own. What a bore this is ! but we must take it like a dose of physic. Come, here goes : Robert, let down the steps.”

On entering the room, she came up and saluted Maria. “ Welcome, my dear creature, from the Continent. How kind it is of you to receive me, it is so unusual a favour ; and I assure you I set a high price on it, and consider myself as a privileged friend. I was almost afraid to see you : such mingled regrets combine with the pleasure which I otherwise should have enjoyed. Poor dear Lady Lydia !* she was a delightful creature.

* She envied and hated Lady Lydia.

How the *beau monde* will miss her ! But we must not talk of that, it *won't do*,"—(very emphatically pronounced.) ("No;" thought the young couple, "it *won't do* ; the sham is too palpable.") "It would make one too *triste* ; and I have to congratulate you on your happy choice."—Husband and wife smiled *scorn*, but she took it for applause. "I saw long ago how it would be, but I was too sly to tell ; and I am delighted to see two young persons joined in wedlock, who were formed for each other. All I say is, that you cannot be happier than I wish you ; and so does Jane."—Jane smiled insipidly.—"Well I am vastly happy to see you, and hope to see you soon *chez moi*, although the season is not yet begun. But (turning to Jane) you don't look well, love ; I dare say you have got that vile nervous head-ache . we must go directly to the druggist's in Regent Street, I know what will do you good. My dear Mrs. B. farewell ! I'll not be long before I call again ; and when I do come, I hope to be able to stay longer with you. *Au revoir*."

"Yes," said the Captain, when she was half

down stairs, “when you do call again, you shall stay as long as you please ; but, Maria, you will not be *visible* any more this year, I hope?”

“Certainly not.”

Knock the second, long, loud, and continuous, like file-firing.

“Whom have we got here?”

“The Dowager Marchioness of Feignwell, with two footmen, like Grenadiers, behind her *vis-a-vis*.”

“What!” heard as a broken sentence, “*at home*?”

“Yes, my Lady.”

“*Deliver us!*”

“Forbid it Lucina!” exclaimed Bramblewood, convulsed with laughter.

Enter Marchioness *sola*, with a poodle pup in her arms, with a rose-coloured riband round its neck.

“My dear Maria! for so you know I used to presume to call you in former times, *comment cela va-t-il?* A thousand congratulations on your good looks, and your merited good fortune; on

your felicitous marriage; and on all that can tend to make you happy !

“ I saw you last night. Dear King, how well he looked ! I wish he was only sixteen ; but then, you know, “ *le cœur ne vieillit pas*. But, *voyons*, how long do you stay in town ? What are your plans ? Where do you retire until Parliament meets ? A strange jumble, this one ! All my friends out ; and ”—here she was at fault—“ and what is gone of poor Colonel Greenlaw ? ”—She would have been allowed to ask and answer her own questions as she often did before, but the “ *poor* Colonel Greenlaw ” aroused the friendly sincerity of his comrade.

“ Colonel Greenlaw is in town, and not so poor as your Ladyship may imagine : his debts were immense, but his resources are more than equal to them. He has been too lavish and generous, but he will yet have a very fine fortune.”

“ Truly glad to hear it ; he is a good creature : but I must be on the move. Look at this (her tablets) an *agenda* containing fifty places to call

at. If I had thought I should have been so fortunate as to have found you at home, I would have put off two or three things which I have to do ; but *pazienza per forza* ! I must satisfy a score of lookers-up to me,—opera tickets, franks from my Lord, a court-dress to choose,—as we are in great hopes that there will be a drawing room on the meeting of both Houses,—and my dress-maker, Madame *chose*, hang her name ! won't undertake to make one under six weeks' or two months' notice : but as she hears twice a week from Paris, it is of no consequence. By the by, you were divinely dressed, so simple, last night ! The King looked at you. But I am such a gossip I shall never get out of your room : do turn me out, or I shall disappoint dozens. *Sans adieux*, for you will soon see me again."—With this she sidled off ; and on entering her carriage said to her *cavaliere servante*, " Catch me if I ever go there again ! Such a couple ! such love in a village, for which they are only fit ! Figure to yourself, Lord Alger-

non, a man and wife receiving morning calls, and rising from a sofa, on which they were conjugally sitting side by side, like gingerbread King and Queen."

"Ha! ha! ha! d——d good; but I hope this is the last *let-in*."—

"Ay, and the last *let-out* of your mind," said Maria, laughing at her in her turn: the lady not being aware that an open window discovered all her *sincere* regard.

Passing her on the stairs, came Lady Helen Humbug, who was overheard to say to her two daughters, "*Nous y voila joliment prises*; a pretty thing to hold a levee as if she were something, and to give people the trouble of getting out of their carriages! The woman fancies herself handsome, and thinks she may set up for an eccentric, and do things her own way. Be sure, my dear Clotilde, to give a hem like a short cough, when we have been there five minutes." In they came.

Lady Helen.—"My dear creature! what a kind soul you are to deviate from the cold rules

of *haut ton*, by receiving your real friends, who do not come to leave a card,"—her's (*couleur de rose*) was dangling between her fore-finger and thumb,—“but who are truly glad to see you. *Mon Capitaine*, your most obedient; you are a happy man: enjoy your conquest with moderation. I wonder that ‘*belle Marie, l’objet de (vos) amours*,’* escaped so long; she is a capital prize in Life’s lottery, and wedlock is one of its greatest *jeux d’hasard*. Upon my life she never looked half so handsome! Did she, Clotilde? Did she, Margaret?”

“No, Mamma, she looks char-ming-ly!” (by both together.) “*Hem!*” (it was four minutes sixteen seconds, by the ornamental timepiece on the chimney, since mother and fair daughters had endured this sacrifice); “*Hem!*”

“My dear creature, *est-il possible?* half past four! I thought it had been only three, and I am sure I wish it were no more; for I have a

* This was by way of a parody on “*Fleuve du Tage*.”

thousand things to say to you ; but I suppose you will be at the French Play to-night, and at our old friend's Sunday party ; and we are certain to meet at one or other of them. Farewell ! *tous les deux*. Come, my dear girls."—(turning back)

" I say, how they do grow, they're making me look like an old woman—*mais, que voulez vous ?* "

" *Quel ennui !* " uttered she as she had scarcely cleared the door ; for Bramblewood had put a silk handkerchief round his leg and shammed lame, in order to escape the drudgery of handing into carriages.

Now drove up a landau with a reclining beau in it, with his arm in a sling, Lord Duplex by name. With unwilling step he ascended the staircase, and holding out a forefinger to the bride, ejaculated "*Mes chers amis ! que ce jour est un jour de bonheur pour moi !* How pleased—I—am"—each word at a great distance from the other, " to see you united together ! how flattered that you should have stayed at home to receive the *élite* of your sincerest friends ! I won't compliment

either of you ; indeed, I could not if I would ; but all I can tell you, fair lady, is that you have got legions of rivals, who will never forgive you for bearing off in triumph the noble Captain, their waltzing partner, their intelligent *vis-à-vis* in a *complex* quadrille ; him who used to sing such an agreeable second, and bear his part with his flute in a *quartetto* ; in a word, your *fidel Berger*. And again, there is Lady Gasconade, who ordered me—and you know her Ladyship will be obeyed—to tell you that she would never forgive you for running away with her first flirt ; but I told her he *ran away* (pronounced ran—a—way, by way of being arch) with *you* (a nod of the head) ; and a score at least of Guardsmen, under the *Nabobess's* Opera box, echoed all at once, ‘ Well ! and who would not ? it shows his good taste.’— ‘ There, what do you think of that ? But I must not sit down ; I am, as I always am, two hours beyond my time ; I must attend a Club ballot, because I must put a disagreeable fellow out, a

nouveau parvenu ; and I have kind inquiries to make for my cousin the Countess, who is in the straw, which her Ladyship contrives to be every year ; next Tattersal's ; next a sick poor devil of a nephew, who is walking off as fast as he can. I sha'nt go up ; indeed I would not have got out of my carriage to any one but you. Now before I go, for sit down I will—not—what can I do for you ? Do you want my left-handed signature ? for you see I am laid hold of by Lord Chief Justice Gout on the right. Can I call anywhere for you ? have you nothing to command me ? (to Mrs. B.) Adieu."

" Nothing," drily said Bramblewood.

" *Vous êtes trop bon,*" replied Maria.

" Nothing—nothing—nothing," (poising his cane) repeated the sexagenary boy and coxcomb.

Willingly would Bramblewood have answered him like Diogenes, and told him, that all he could do for him was to " get out of his sunshine ;" but truth must not be spoken at all

times : so they laughed at his expense, and now came to a determination only to let in two more in order to make up the half dozen. And just as the husband was exclaiming to his better half, “ By Jove, what puerile nonsense that old man talks ! what shreds and patches, trifle and trumpery, this morning-call small talk is composed of ! well may we say that,

‘ Men are but children of a larger growth ; ’ ”

—Sir Charles Caustic’s low phaeton, with two grooms in the dicky, approached at the door.

“ At home ! ” cried he ; “ La ! what a wonder ! *allons !* ” Up stairs he ran.

In admitting Sir Charles Caustic the young couple mistook their man ; he delighted in being let in ; but the order given was like a rule without exception. In he walked, after having left seventeen cards, with as much chance of being admitted as he was seventeen years ago.

“ I am truly edified,” said he, “ for *that* is the

word, to find so young and so blooming a couple awake to the attention of their friends. Mine has been indefatigable in inquiring after you, since (he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and this was a *dry* joke,)—since the brightest star in our hemisphere has disappeared; and I am *ravi* (what would a phrase be without French? insufficient!) to find you domesticated so felicitously. Where have you been since you arrived in town?"

"No where," answered Maria; "except as spectators on sufferance, at the King's Juvenile Ball."

"Dear, good King!" said he, "*il est trop bon*, I could no more bear those lordlings and misses popping up and down, and displaying their steps, than I could endure being tickled to death by a butterfly's wing (he looked for applause, but obtained it not). The boys drink too much at the buffets, and the girls learn to be jilts. The little devils see themselves in the mirrors, and straight expect to be reigning favourites in

high circles; if the King notice them, they consider a coronet and presentation near at hand; they are miniature coquettes, schooled flirts, embryo duchesses, and suddenly springing up mushrooms, matured in a night from royal favour. I hate little men and little women, hot-house plants, and forced life of any kind, whether animation or vegetation."

"We were delighted with the scene," interrupted Maria.

"Then you were wrong in being so; these balls are the ruin of young minds. What business have children to see their Monarch at all? it makes them too familiar with him, and destroys that respect which distance alone produces."

"Pardon me," replied Bramblewood, "I think it inspires respect, brings the distance of the sovereign from his subject into a degree of proximity, and *thereby* fixes the attachment and devoted adherence of his subjects."

"I *know* otherwise," responded the Baronet;

“ I have been pestered by George Classic, our modern Mæcenæ, to go to a Westminster play, (in barbarous Latin,) and to assist at children’s balls; and with all due respect for the mouth-piece of a great nation, I never was so disgusted in my life. The male brats will tell you ‘ There were present, Portland, and Devonshire, and Rutland, and old Argyll, and Anglesea, and that fat Duchess of —— (for ladies must not be thus loosely named,) and the prim Countess of ——, and Mother —— the banker’s widow, and that old twaddle Mrs. ——:’ thus are nobility and leading characters brought into disrepute by those who ought to be confined to the school-room: so much for the forward boys! The young ladies are not less flippant and offensive: ‘ How I do love the King!’ cried one little flirt. ‘ So do I,’ quoth another infantine coquette, ‘ but he does not wear moustachios.’ ‘ Stuff and nonsense!’ lisped out a third, ‘ I don’t like so much beard; give me the polished *Gardes* ;’—‘ And give me, Susan,’ said a four feet

high little female imp, ‘give me a bold Lancer, or a *roué* of a Hussar!’ Here is a pretty education!”

“The drawing is a caricature, but no likeness,” said Bramblewood.

“Oh! quite a faithful resemblance,” continued the male gossip. “I had my little nieces watched, and here is a *resumé* of their conversation at a juvenile ball, not at Carlton Palace, but at St. James-square:—‘Georgiana, what a flirt you are! Lord Thomas (who was at Westminster at the time) says that you beat your mamma in flirting;’ ‘Stuff! mamma had a legion of lovers when she was my age;’ ‘Oh! Georgiana, that’s a bounce!’ ‘Not a bit; all I aim at is a coronet;’ ‘Fiddlestick on coronets! I should prefer a *beau militaire*; a captain of Lancers, if he were twenty or twenty-five years of age; and a full colonel, if thirty, of Life Guards, Hussars, or Light Dragoons;’ ‘Well! I am all for money, lolling in my carriage, and splendid parties, fine folks, open house, grand liveries, and services of gold or

gilt plate. I would take a man of forty with all this,' observed one lately from the nursery; 'but then he must be a general, and in the *Gardes*; and I should like him to be on the turf; and I should insist upon his keeping me a box at the Opera, and a separate establishment.' 'And a separate apartment.' 'Oh! shocking, Georgiana; no; I should not mind that; but he must be an M. P. because that rhymes to *frank and free*.'

"Now," concluded Sir Charles, "what can promise more national depravity than all this?"

"It's very bad," allowed Maria; "but"—

"You think I exaggerate. And these hot-house plants are still more forward from the boarding-school, and perhaps do not look so high."

"Well! but how did Sir Peter Prosody's dinner go off yesterday?"

"Sir Peter is a learned blockhead, an old-fashioned infant. The man knows as much of life as I do about mantua-making, with all due deference to his Catholic Majesty of

Spain. He brought us to his infernal villa, and kept the dinner back to walk us through a few acres of miserable land, where he turned up some execrable manure with a cane that he swore belonged to Kosciusko, and which he picked up at a sale; and he favoured us with a look at a buffalo. He scratched the back of a Persian pig to show its docility, and wanted me to soil my fingers with a zebra. Returning from his exotic shrubbery, he touched at the stable, and wished me to be introduced to an Arabian horse, which the devil himself could not ride.— ‘How useful he must be!’ thought I; and in his scanty coach-house, only fit to hold four carriages, he showed me his *drosky*; ‘What do you think of it?’ said he. ‘Put a donkey in it, and drive it where you like.’ He seemed thunder-struck. Entering one of his halls, there were so many busts and statues, that it might have been mistaken for a stonemason’s yard; and his dining-parlour was so encumbered with pictures, that it represented a sale-room. He made an

offer to favour me with the sight of some coins and medals, and rose for the purpose; but I candidly told him, that the money of the realm answered all my purposes, and that I always sat three hours subsequent to the cloth's being removed. What idiotism all this is!—but knaves live on fools, and fools always think they are admired. Sir Peter, from being a classic, has travelled with a few noblemen: he has picked up some money and some antiquities, and has married a vulgar wife with a fine income. He has got himself a few foreign orders, by paying for them; has written an anodyne medicine in the form of a book; and has managed to get F.R.S. and A.S.S. tacked to his name. But this is the age for the triumph of money.”

This fact was disputed with him, but he answered it too much at large for this chapter.*

“And how did you like the Play?”

“Diabolical: the actor (we will not name him)

* We shall take an opportunity of noticing it hereafter.

mouthed so, that I thought him like a pronouncing dictionary."

"You have been lately to the French Play, I presume?" from Maria.

"To the French cattle-market, I should call it."

"And what will the Opera be this ensuing season?"

"The old story, I suppose: the *dearest* creatures in the world will be brought over, and foreign puffs will announce that a *prima donna* will not be allowed to leave Paris; but who will afterwards *favour* us by a preference, upon signing preliminaries, countersigned by the titled directory, in this form:—

Demand—'Five thousand per season.'

Answer—'Granted—*con amore*.'

Demand—'A suitable carriage to *be kept*.'

Answer—'Certainly (by one of the Peers).'

Demand—'A table, foreign wines of all sorts, ices and coffee.'

Answer—'Granted—*di cuore*.'

Demand—'Two benefits.'

Answer—‘Certainly.’

Demand—‘To play when convenient.’

Answer—‘Once a week.’

Demand.—‘To be free at the end of the season ; *libre comme l’oiseau.*’

Answer—‘Decidedly—Love free as air.’

“Agreed, countersigned, and sealed with armorials foreign and domestic, and with musical instruments from a lyre to a lute, and from a Jew’s harp to an *ordinary fife.*”

“Very good !” cried Bramblewood and his *cara sposa* ; “and how are your dear friends at Isleworth ?”

“I don’t know ; they fancy themselves, as perhaps you do, in a perpetual spring ; they have been married three months, and they are counting the third honey-moon : they live like Darby and Joan.”

“Humph !” quoth the husband.

“And if they go on this way, I shall expect to find *mon chou et ma carotte* two fine roots of vegetation. Dear me ! it is half-past five. Now I dare

say you think me very severe, but all that I have told you is circumstantial fact. Good morning ! I must leave my card at the odious Nabob's, because I want to be invited to his turtle-feast. The man is a brute, but his *cuisinier* is a being of the first order in his line ;—and a man who gives dinners is like a tavern-keeper, nobody cares a fig for his host, but for his fare ; which must be paid for somehow or other, either by a direct disbursement, or by attentions, visits, unmeant praises, the listenings to stupidity, bad puns, ten-times-told tales, local anecdotes which inspire *nausea*, the fabulous feats of the entertaining party, somniferous stories and cursed retailings ; and, upon my soul ! I don't know which is most unpleasant, purse or personal sacrifices—the latter, *néanmoins*, is the cheapest. Good morning, delighted to see you, Mrs. B. ; preserve your good looks : and do you, Bramblewood, take care of yourself, and be *un aimable mari*."

" You see," remarked Maria as he left them,

“ what a chance we have of being well spoken of at the next house he goes to. We will let no more in. Ring the bell, my dear B.”

But ere the bell was rung, the knocker gave a concussion to the door, and the door communicated a tremifaction to the house, and the house excited an agitation in the apartment,—such as might have made one tinctured with *les diables bleus* think that an earthquake was at hand. The hand of a little dirty boy, in which reposed a sixpence, ordered for his use by a mounted dandy, and actually given to the poor boy by his groom, by whom he was commanded to knock hard, was the cause of all this commotion; and just as the fat porter was about to say—“ You d—d young vagabond, what do you mean by making such an outrageous noise at a nobleman’s gate?” young Belair, of the first Grenadier Guards, was attituding himself on his saddle, and adjusting a cashmere cravat. The dirty boy had carried the word to the

groom, and the groom (fingering his hat) passed it to master.

“ They are both at home, Sir.”

“ By all that’s lovely, that’s too bad,” accented Belair; “ but (beckoning the porter) tell them that I came to pay my *devoirs* to them, but that I never got off my horse for a morning visit in my life; I should not know how to behave. But mention to your master that I am for the relief to-morrow, and if he can endure the smoky city, he will find me with the lions in the Tower, and glad to see him any day at feeding-time. Get out of the way, you ragged rascal, or my Sir Peter (his horse) will kick you (addressed to poor boy.) Compliments to your master and mistress;” and off he goes.

The couple at the window again laughed heartily, and gave orders for no more admissions; agreeing that this was the only honest morning-caller of all their acquaintance, and resolving never again to repeat the present experiment.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOLD.—SIR CHARLES
CAUSTIC'S ACCOUNT THEREOF.

“ The chief whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory, die.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ THIS may well be called the Golden Age,” said Sir Charles, in a tone of irony; “ not on account of its primitive simplicity, the happy reign of a perpetual spring, as described by the Latin poet in such glowing terms; but by reason of the omnipotence of gold in this age of corruption. Birth, now, is no longer of any avail, if denuded of the exterior trappings of

riches ; a name falls into decay, and like the mouldering of a palace, or the prostrate state of some tower famous in martial story, it is trodden under-foot by the vulgar. A poor lord, or a poor gentleman, is treated with contempt by wealthy fools, and the bloated prosperous ones of a money-making nation. Buonaparte well might call us a *nation boutiquaire*, a nation of shopkeepers ; for from a bank to a warehouse it still is all shop ; yet the dealers in money and merchandize outbid and outdo their betters everywhere. If you see a remarkably fine overdone carriage, whose is it ? Such a one, the banker's widow.—Four fine horses, prancing and champing on the bit as they are starting from town, whose are they ? Mr. Muckworm's, the great contractor, or Mr. Rakegain, a *ci-devant* purveyor.—Whose palazzo is that building ? It is a gaming-house ; the proprietor is worth three or four hundred thousand pounds ; he has half a dozen other mansions and villas.—Who bids for that

old family estate? A fellow who cannot speak his own language, and scarcely sign his name, —a leg, a bully, a jockey, or a bruiser; but he has got the cash, and with it he may get any thing.—Whose wife and daughters are there in an Opera box which a poor Peer is obliged to let? A city speculator's lady, and the Misses ———, some vile plebeian name; their father has been a monopolist in some way or other, and swelled out his bags; a buyer-up of some article, wherein he created a fictitious dearth, and filled his pockets by emptying the stomachs of the labouring classes.—Whom have we got here, whose villa, all mirrors and *or molu* within, statues and pillars without, overhangs the river; with his ponds full of gold fish; his pinery of an immense extent; his conservatory like a botanical garden; and whose whole premises have pressed the produce of the remotest quarters of the globe, the magnificence of the East; the rich produce of the West, the furs and rarities of the Russian Empire, the

curiosities of the Pacific Islands, together with porcelain, china, bronze vases, crystals, &c. &c.? Why, we find the proprietor, on inquiry, to be a nabob, an ex-negro-driver, the heir of some dealer in human flesh, when the slave-trade pampered up the carriers-on of that execrable commerce and filled the houses of Liverpool with plate, and every costly article of furniture: or to be a money-lender, or the son of a money-lender, an annuity-Jack, or the inheritor of a miser's wealth.—Who can put hundreds of workmen in requisition to rear him up a second Tivoli? A man with blasted character, a man shunned and degraded, but on whom blind Fortune has smiled; and whether rum, coffee, indigo, gold-dust, tobacco, or slavery, have been the means by which he mounted into wealth, still will he bespatter poor nobility on foot—still cast the dust in the eyes of him whose ancestors have embellished the historic page.—Who can afford to give his daughter a

hundred thousand pounds in marriage, and keeps Miss up for a coronet? Some Jew or hell-keeper.—Upon my life, it is abominable to find that precedence, power, even title and rank, are quite within the grasp of these votaries of Mammon. We see in one age, the son of a gaming-table-fellow gain the highest army rank—a seat in the house—consideration and respect; in another, the descendants of a notorious Greek form splendid alliances; in one place the bastardy of riches *bought* into title and note; in another, the children of extortioners arming (I mean arm-in-arm) with the nobility of the land. And whence does all this come from?—because the *auri sacra fumes* cannot withstand temptation, and my Lord, when fleeced of his money, stoops to angle for a dinner at the sumptuous board of some upstart; whilst the poor gentleman becomes a jackal to some lucky speculator, or the Tiger to an idiot of a patron who has money at command, which answers every purpose, and matters not if it be

made by roguery, trick, cards or dice, blacking for shoes, poison in some of our articles of food, a retail gin-shop, snuff, fraudulent bankruptcy, gas, steam, and the devil knows what !”

The Baronet was getting quite outrageous.

“ But what say you to honest industry ?”

“ I say that there is no such thing.”

The hearer whistled *à la Toby*.

“ Money is made by violent means, by artificial credit, false appearances, fraud, trick, &c. ; by turning a capital a dozen times or a dozen ways in a week, lending at exorbitant interest, by play in a night, by breaking for half-a-million, by mal-practices abroad and malversations at home, by fingering public money, and by ministering to the vices of the age ; by cheating in any way, and by the parties availing themselves of the errors, distresses, and follies of our quality and the fashionable world. Don’t I know half a score of titles, the source of which is as impure as the rakings of the kennel ?—And, *per contra*,

could I not point out a score of men of high family, who have debased themselves by turning Greeks after being pigeons, or who have been systematically the former from their quitting school? Yet their armorials stand proud in heraldry, and they either have, or will have, titles to back them. Some, again, are decoys, others toad-eaters; some practise swindling tricks, and some rise by *des mésalliances*, and, when the last stake is gone, must marry a tradesman's daughter to set them up again. Is not this the triumph of money? A certain nabob once was a waiter to a club; well! and his successor was ennobled. A certain baronet was the natural son of an Irish butler, and he has ennobled his family. Cards and dice have often humbled coronets—gold will buy any thing. Then see again how this mushroom breed gets on: the successful tradesman, speculator, pander, gambler, monopolist, usurer, or quack, collects a sum of money; he must take out his arms in order to set up his carriage, and straight he

has a flaming escutcheon, which might be supposed to descend from the triumphs in Palestine;* his livery he *chooses* the finest, and he can do so, because family arms, quarterings, field, charge, *et cetera*, have no control over him; finery is the thing, and the *boutiquaire* pitches upon something the most like the Marl-

* A story is told of a man, whose fortune had been made by keeping a store at Jamaica and by the smuggling and piracy of his father, returning to London, and setting up his equipage. His name was one of those from which it was difficult to draw any thing heraldic. On applying to the Heralds Office, there was not a head in the establishment that could think of any thing to furnish armorial bearings and genealogy; for both he wanted, together with a family-tree. Upon being asked a few questions, in order to elicit something of a family story, he bethought himself again and again. A progenitor sent to sea for misconduct, and amassing money by illicit means, with which his son became a store-keeper, furnished nothing favourable for the arms and quarterings of his shield: but at last he observed, that he had heard that one of his ancestors had been hanged upon Ludgate-hill, when straight one of the official people turned round to a clerk, and said, "Make out this gentleman's pedigree in a direct *line* from King Lud. There was afterwards no difficulty about the *family-tree*."

borough, Spencer, Hamilton, Tankerville, or even the royal livery. The Norfolk, Devonshire, Harcourt, and Carlisle, escape, because they are not fine enough. Crimson and gold, grey and scarlet encumbered by lace, this does fine. Indeed, I met a swine-seller, an army-victualler, at the close of the war, in his curricule, with two out-riders in the Bedford livery; and a tobacconist's lady is every Sunday of her life at church, with her footman seeming all of a piece with madam's morocco prayer-book—gilt all over."

"Yes, but then,—my dear friend," quoth Bramblewood, "all these things are not worth notice; they are but trifles at best. What signifies a man's coach or livery? These *parvenus*, as you call them, have not the fine old baronial castles and residences of our nobility, their parks and princely domains."

"Indeed I don't know," replied he; "a tailor has bought the estate of a Duke; and a professed pugilist bid money for a park the other day. Besides, these cits or adventurers manu-

facture you a park and a pleasure ground, an Abbey, Hall, or Lodge, as fast as the Birmingham fellows knock off counterfeits or hardware. A few fields are bought up, hedges demolished, sunk fences are contrived, some clumps of trees are planted, and if an avenue can be managed by what has been a road or a rope-walk, our *boutiquaire*, or one of the *bureaucracie* or *mobocracy*, is on his domain and in his park in a trice, with a porter's lodge at his gate, and a few deer bought from a dealer, or some curious animals—antelopes, Merino sheep, or Spanish mules—grazing on his scanty premises, mis-mazed and serpentined so as to cheat the eye in a quarter of an hour's walk. Nay, what is worse than all this, our nobility and the *beau monde* get ruined so fast, that ready-furnished houses in the squares (and splendid ones too), as well as country residences bearing distinguished names, are hired daily by the men of money, and are deserted by those whose ancestors could once boast of so much territorial consequence. My

only consolation is," said the peevish, disappointed Sir Charles, "that when these goldfinches and guinea-pigs get into power and eminence; when they loll in carriages, and outrival the nobility at opera, ball, or play; they never by any accident look like the legitimate quality of the country: the Jew breaks out through the lord or baronet; the Alley shines forth in madam's jewels; and retail dealings may be smoked in the fuss and vulgarity of a *would-be* Exquisite; mamma talks abominably loud, miss titters like a fool, and the uniform coat sits awkward and uneasy on Master Jacky, until he has been so drilled, quizzed, roasted, and dry-rubbed at head-quarters, that nothing of the tradesman remains but his drinking beer with his cheese, or having a Watling-street complexion, or a cockney set of features."

The young couple laughed immoderately at these bilious eccentricities and quaint epithets of the Baronet, who ended here.

We could say a good deal about legitimate

nobility, and the features of the case ; but this is no place for so important a subject, and we refer our readers to that head in Boileau's satires, where this article is touched in a most masterly manner.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRENCH PLAY, TOGETHER WITH SOME
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ ON AND OFF
THE STAGE.

“ Quoiqu’on y pense,
Cette France
N’est pas bon pour un milord,
Et je m’ennuye beaucoup fort.”

THIS phrase of broken French is put into the mouth of a *Milord Anglais*, and suits him as well as a court-dress would a dromedary. The fact is, that these French caricature drawings bear no resemblance ; and the clumsy performers of them take their pictures from low-life, instead of from high-life. *Milord Anglais* does not ennuyer

himself in France, does not yawn and sleep out his time, and consume inwardly with *la maladie du pays*; that *amor patriæ* is confined to the peasant, or to the mountaineer of all countries, from the Clanalpin men to the natives of the Alps—to people of mountain habits and local attachments. But *milord*, as he is barbarously called, is *too often* a sensualist, who, sated and super-saturated at home with Pleasure's dose, seeks ardently for foreign fare of every description, and who would sojourn much more *à Paris*, if his personal interest called him not back. Few are the lordly senators who watch over their Country's interest, over her high station amidst surrounding nations, who tread in the steps of a Chatham, and, after a life of arduous and zealous fatigue, dedicate its last moments to the public weal. The pattern still exists, the blood is rich with courage, loyalty, and truth; but we fear that the mould is broken.

In former times it would have taken a great

deal of exertion to establish a French Theatre in London; national jealousy forbade it; and whilst we tolerated an Italian Opera-house, difficulties arose as to establishing a French Theatre. There are many reasons for this: the most potent of which is, that rich and royal Italy produces talent far beyond the Gaul. The soul of music came into birth upon an Italian soil. Rome, once the most valorous city in the world, the noblest and most free, retains amid

“ The wreck of matter,”

an animated principle of genius, which description would but dishonour; a high character amongst cities and nations, which shines out brighter in ruins, than more prosperous states of Europe excelling in imitation and surpassing in industry and exertion: for, as “ *Poeta nascitur non fit*,” so the artist that makes canvass speak and marble seem to move, must be inspired from above, and not the cold pupil of calculation, much less the operative drudge.

An elegant French Theatre might be a desideratum to many : it might improve national taste, might adorn the minds of youth, and form a very elegant amusement ; but on its present plan it falls short of these objects, from being confined as it is, supported by subscription, tolerated rather than encouraged, and by not being on a sufficiently extensive plan to form a great magnet to Fashion, as the Italian Opera is. Its limits and its means are not extensive enough ; *néanmoins*, it is not without its fashionable patrons and promoters, nor without a degree of interest testified by the *beau monde* almost exclusively ; and we doubt not but as the rage for all Parisian articles of taste increases, the *Théâtre François à Londres* may soon expand its wings and bring an additional importation of talent and *bon goût*, although it can never be a rival to the Opera-house.

We see at this little Theatre, not the Milord so clumsily described by the French satirist, but a Milord and Ladies also, who regret *cher*

Paris excessively, and find nothing to their high taste out of it. These are the great frequenters of the French Theatre in London; but, as in dramatic pieces there is commonly an episode as well as a main plot, so in this *Salle du Spectacle* there is a double dose of attraction: to wit, *the piece*, the great merit of which is its being foreign; and the performers, whose chief attraction is, *in like manner*, their being foreigners. The stranger, but, above all, the French actress, is the infallible bait; the very name of a *Française* is music to ears of taste. And then such delightful names! St. Ange, for instance, *c'est ravissante!* and although this most angelical, saintly name, may, like Mars, be *un beau nom de guerre*, yet it sounds most agreeably, as do Virginii, la Colombe, (sweet dove!) Mina Comta, and so many others of ancient and modern theatrical celebrity.

But let us speak directly of the French Theatre and its *dramatis personæ*, who are called by their countrymen *ces Messieurs et Dames de Tottenham*, as if they belonged to that village; just

as our French *beaux* talk of taking a turn à Oxford, New Bon, et Charlotte, and coming all in a few minutes from what appears such a distance to *Rat's-bone*. The walk, however, gentle Reader, is merely from New Bond Street, down Oxford Street, crossing *Charlotte* is traversing Charlotte Street, and terminates in Rathbone Place—a ground well known to the frequenters of *Tottenham*. Here also our hero and the young couple came to feast upon the remains of Moliere; here they found the *grands amateurs, protecteurs, and patrons* of the French *drama*, and of those who figure in it; here they justly admired Perlet, whose talents as an actor are very far indeed above mediocrity; here they witnessed the divided admiration of lords and gentlemen; one enchanted by the powers of Mademoiselle St. Leon; another having his approbation riveted to Mademoiselle Petit; but whilst this *seigneur* thus dealt *en Petit*, a noble Lord, whose ancestor was a celebrated author, cannot be satisfied but *en Gros*. The exertions of Mesdames Degligny and Dandel met with great applause, whilst

Messieurs Cloup and Alix had their share of praise. Mademoiselle Maria Duchemain delighted every one; and it was observed by a great punster, *qu'on fera Du-chemin pour l'aller voir*. Mademoiselle Constance was in constant favour; and young Potier will always draw houses by his name, but he will never equal the father, who is to Paris what Liston is to London: a very look of one or the other sets the powers of risibility in motion, and puts the audience in good humour for the rest of the night.

There was a time when young Greenlaw would have almost played first fiddle here, with all due deference to old *Beaux* and *Bows*, and to the drawers of *long-bows*—to those who are their own trumpeters—to fifes, Scotch fiddles, and all other wind and stringed instruments; but now he was *as bad as married*,—so the young ladies said,—and therefore the actors and actresses *on the stage* engrossed all his attention; whilst that of others, from the Duke (wear the cap who will, it is a Grace-ful one) to the *simple Dandy* with Esquire

succeeding his name, was more devoted to the professional persons off the stage ; nor were *professions* wanting to prove this. How London is improved since the rage for Paris brings her *menus plaisirs* into the centre of our city, or rather to the west end of it ; since our great folks have French theatricals at home ; and since dancing on Sundays is to be met with amongst the votaries of pleasure ; since we have Circles like *le Circle Français* ; and *salons* like the *salon Français* ; and Lords like old Livery ; and a delightful *réunion* in Edward Street, where the *waltz* is carried on with so much spirit, and where none of that cold restraint of our less tasteful ancestors is to be met with ; not but for some generations these pastimes had charms for the *élite* of fashion, but now *tout le monde s'en mêle*

We cannot conclude this article on the French Theatre in London without advising our countrymen to be present at two pieces which are performed there, namely, *le Bourgeois Gentil-*

homme and *les Anglaises pour Rire*. The first will be a useful lesson for our *bourgeois* gentlemen, with whom the Opera House, the Tottenham-street Theatre, the public walks, and other places of amusement are filled. How many *counter corcombs* would thus receive a hint! how many ponderous blockheads, with full pockets and empty pates, would here learn the ridicule which those great people whom they ape, bestow upon them! how many pea-green Anes, old and young rakes, and money-scrapers, might profit by the object which this dramatic monitor contains! how many Colonel Buskins, and Count Calicoes, might be induced to restrain their ambition within the bounds of modesty, and neither to assume nobility, nor to be shop-keeping-colonels with *game* spurs attached to a dung-hill breed! By the way, we wonder what has become of Sir Claudius Cæsar? (this again is a *beau nom de guerre*.) Some say that he is gone on his travels. Perhaps he may be like the late Lord Nugent's horse, which he compared

to a young nobleman of great conceit, of whom he said on being asked ‘What does your Lordship think of ——? he is just gone on a tour to the Continent :’—“ I think he will be like my horse ; he will come back a great deal the worse for his journey.” Be that as it may, we earnestly recommend the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* as a fine likeness to many of our countrymen. The second piece will likewise be of some service, for it will discover in what *high estimation* our neighbours over the water hold us. After saying all this, we beg leave not to be mistaken as to the entertainment which this little Theatre affords ; it is well worthy of notice, and on a handsome scale would be far more attractive : the present theatre, however, as it is, is a huge step of refinement. Time was when nothing was to be met with in this *Tottenham* quarter but a very heavy, substantial bill of fare, such as none but John Bull could stomach ; now every thing there is *leger comme un compliment : légèreté* (we will not call it *levity*, in spite of the dic-

tionary,) is the order of the day, and when it leads not to disorder, *c'est belle et bonne*.

At the *sortie du Spectacle* a certain diplomatic prince, a litigating peer, a magnificent envoy to a certain foreign court, Count San Florenzo, and many other fashionables, were greeted by our party. At this moment Mrs. A—r E—l—s passed by, when the following lines struck us as most applicable to her: their being French will doubtless please our lady-readers, and our gentlemen *du suprême bon ton*; and as they occurred to our memory at a French play-house, they may be admissible to all:—

“ Le jour qu’elle naquit, Venus bien qu’immortelle
Pensa mourir de honte en la voyant si belle ;
Les Graces à l’envi descendirent des Cieux,
Pour se donner l’honneur d’accompagner ses yeux,
Et l’Amour qui ne put rentrer dans son courage,
Voulut obstinamment loger sur son visage.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARCHIONESS'S SUNDAY PARTIES.

“ ————— Sad hours seem long ! ”

ROMEO.

So thinks many a Romeo and Juliet, on what the French call an English Sunday, which, they tell you candidly; is insupportable, and *triste comme un bonnet de nuit*. The French first classes make this day merely a continuation of their hebdomadal round of pleasure; whilst the lower order consider it as the gayest of the week, inasmuch as that those who have toiled all the rest of it, dance and sing, make parties and make love, and enjoy every pleasure which their means can procure; and pleasure

in France is cheap, whereas in England its great merit is its high price. There are, we repeat it, Romeos and Juliets in great number, who sigh out the Sunday for the want of those active amusements for which they have gained a taste by a trip to France. Whilst those, and particularly the dear female part of the creation, in the dumps,

“ Sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly ! ”

the other sex keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down, and thus double their joys by seeing double towards the close of the Sunday evening. There are, it is true, such things as walks and rides and drives, which do very well for the cockney with his spouse by his side and his brats at his back and between his knees ; or for the spruce apprentices on a bit of blood or in a gig, who think that

“ *Bon ton's* between Saturday and Monday,
Driving out in a one-horse *shay* on a Sunday.”

But to more elevated beings the day is very

heavy: a form and ceremony are made of church-going, more particularly since the Catholic Question has aroused the spirit of party; and tall lacquies, with books and bibles, foot it after nobility, whether pedestrian (if close by a church), or lolling in their splendid vehicles; after which a lunch at home, or a dish of scandal on the neighbouring pew-contents, a discussion on dress, such as whether *bleu céleste* or *rose foncée* is most becoming, and the *sauce piquante* of satire, prepare them for an appearance in the Park, where the patrician carriage-company raise clouds of dust, and seem as if they would lord it over the plebeian and middle order, and exclaim,

“ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
’Tis just the fashion.”

But all this is tame: Miss from boarding school thinks the sermon very long, very prosing, and very severe, if it touches on the fashionable levities of youth; and fain would say,

“ — I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve :”

And at the very same time, perhaps, the Countess Dowager and family,

“ Are a’ nodding, nid, nid, nodding,”

in consequence of the late hours of the revel of the break-of-day party, *called Saturday*, or the *night* before ; so that, as they say in Paddy’s land, the reverend preacher might as well have whistled jigs to a mile-stone. Well, but *la soirée*. “ Ay, there ’s the rub !”—and how highly indebted must the *beau monde* of London be to those exquisitely valuable creatures, who, *au dessus des préjugés*, open their houses for the Sunday *élégante* and exquisite ; who give concerts or conversaziones, at homes or *quiet* card-parties !

“ Caledonia stern and wild”

may frown at this, but she is fast coming into general measures. We remember a time when

every face was *made up* for the Sabbath* in the Modern Athens : it was long, melancholy, and some thought *twa-faced* ; but it decidedly meant to *dis-coon-te-nance* pro-fli-gacy, dancing, singing, card-playing, which is an a-bo-mi-na-tion—a pack of *cairds* being styled by the *auld Scots* the Dee-vil's *bukes*,—and a' sort of heathenish di-var-si-on. Now however, the features of Ca-le-do-ni-a are quite altered, and she looks as gay as *ither bodies* on the Sabbath. But, to return to our gratitude to those who make Sunday not only passable, but pleasurable : how can we sufficiently laud them ? What wreath ought we to prepare for them who have thus extended our pleasures, and abridged our hours of *ennui* ? Shall we deck their foreheads with the *pensée*, or with *l'immortel* ? with the passion-flower, or the forget-me-not ? The last,

* There needs no farther proof of the difference between France and Scotland, than to look into the dictionary for the word “ *Sabbat*,” Sabbath. It is thus explained :—“ Sabbath—a supposed nightly meeting of witches ; racket, great noise, caterwauling.”

we think, is the most expressive ; and we award the chaplet to the most noble Marchioness who has taken poppies from the brows where myrtles now bloom in high virescence.

Her Ladyship's party is of the very first description : the Ladies are of the first quality, like diamonds of the first water ; the Lords are *tout ce qu'on peut du mieux*, they bear arms of sixteen quarters : here they equal the *Guards*, for it is indeed "*Arma virumque cano*." They are beyond the *Bèys*, Greys, or Blues, with the Duke at the head of them ; they are three-tailed *Bashaws*, (so vulgarly called, or rather Pachas). Can we go farther ? No, praise stands mute and ineffective before the lady. On the Marchioness's name the whisper of detraction, the breath of ill-fame, never exhaled : it is her fashionable sociality alone which we touch upon ; and we pronounce her *sabbatine soirées* to be beyond the *noctes atticæ* of the ancients, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or any ordinary *Nights* we ever met with.

To chronicle her party would be like taking up the Court Kalendar with one hand, and the Army List with the other, and culling from each the highest, the brightest, and the most fashionable materials. *Tout le monde étoit là* ; and by *tout le monde* is understood *le beau monde*—" *Mon monde*," as a reigning French beauty would say, in the same royal style as the same reigning ladies say "*Mes gens*, my people," which Mrs. Verity, a plain-spoken Englishwoman now at Paris, turned into *mon gens*, but she meant *my John*, being her *monde*, and her *gens* ;—therefore we will not particularize. There were the most elegant extracts and judicious gleanings from all the parties already mentioned, Lady Gertrude's, Lady Lydia's, Lady Panamar's, and a great number of the King's party ; but there were two characters here, whom, for variety's sake, we will call Lord Imitate and Lord Invent, because the former was a retailer of all the town-talk and fiddle faddle, a very picker-up and newspaper man ; the other

was an original, and a wholesale dealer in mischief, malice, and ill-report : each vapoured his few minutes with his circle round him, and amused himself and the company.

Lord Imitate, who also went by the nick-name of the Child's Guide, attituded himself, and, upon being asked if there was any thing new, replied, "No; there's nothing new under the sun; but perhaps there may be under the other planet. (Gentle applause from the ladies.) The attention of people of taste is called in great measure to the two *débutantes* at the Opera, Signora Toso and Miss Ayton. In their figure they resemble *size ace*; (Loud applause :) "in their performance, it is *Art versus Nature*; and Toso, who is the latter, must predominate. (The silence of attention ensued.) Curioni continues to be a mighty singer, but a miserable actor. (How alliteration helps a man! *Mighty* and *miserable!!!*) Miss Paton improves upon having a *new ring* put on. Rossini is, as usual, divine. There have been only two *crim. con.* trials in high life this term; and the *Age* goes on as

usual. There is a Mademoiselle Blazis, a *débutante*, who may be expected incessantly in London. She will set the town in a *blaze*." (Moderate applause.)

Here Lord Invent succeeded Lord Imitate:—he leaned himself against a marble chimney-piece, and, in attitude the most *dé-gagé*, held forth to his share of listeners and partisans. He swore (oaths cost him nothing) that "Lord Imitate was in his dotage, that he was in his second childhood, and that in *this* capacity he was the child of error and misapprehension. He mis-took a Miss Mary for a Miss Merry, a Mis-Fortune for a Miss-Hap." (Great applause.) He (Lord Invent) said, that "Miss Blazis was nobody but the infant of Lord Imitate's brain; or that if she was Miss Blazis, he pronounced her name wrong—that it was Blasé; and that instead of twenty-two, she was forty-two." (Reiterated applause from the ladies, who were glad to put her down.) His Lordship was, however, here called to order, and assured that he mistook the person, and must have

meant *la Comtesse Blasé*. He stood corrected. He next coined a couple of dozen of *on dits*; among which, he asked “if any one had heard of the event of a noble Lady’s meeting the remains of the right honourable poet, Lord Byron, and the verses which were made upon the event?” All answered in the negative, and were most anxious to learn any thing connected with so celebrated a name. He told his story in prose, in his usual style of amplification, and then came to the impromptu,—made, doubtless, deliberately by his Lordship.

“ IMPROMPTU.

The lovely Geraldine ’s been here,
To shed the bitter, briny tear
On Biron’s sad remains.
She brought her mutton-face along,
And, as the Muse inspired her song,
He listen’d to her strains :

‘ Gods!’ she exclaim’d, with frantic start,
‘ That bier contains the guilty heart
Of Biron—vile seducer!
She had been chaste as cloister’d nun,
Wer’t not for him—that wretched one
Who now belongs to you, sir.’

“The *sposo* said, that he must be a sad seducer indeed: after that the family motto ought to be forfeited, for who could say *Crede Biron?*” (Reiterated plaudits followed this.)

His Lordship next assured the company, that a new stock company had been just established, for carrying on the affairs of the Moon. They were entitled the “New Lunar Society;” and it was supposed that their lights would ruin the Gas Light Company. It was not at all impossible that we might have a new moon every night, instead of monthly; as a model of a velocipede for that purpose had already been presented to the Academy of Arts and Sciences, which put Sir Humphrey Davy’s safety-lamp to the blush; nothing could be so safe or lasting. Lastly, he announced that a new Novel was about to appear, called *Omnium*, which was to take in all the town. Every body was on the alert. The bankers thought that it was levelled at them: the booksellers trembled lest they should have a touch. Each dreaded something

terrible: the one thought that the stocks might be affected; the other considered their credit as likely to have a fall: the great Banker's Widow even apprehended that she might be brought down, and that her tonnage or poundage might suffer by the libel, whilst she was *lessened* in the public eye:—but a bystander assured him that he had met her as large as life a few hours before.”

“And who is the author? Is it Scot? or Vivian Grey? or the Author of Almack's? or Horace Smith? or Lord Thurlow? or ——?”

“It is one of the Lunar Stock Company,” replied Lord Imitate; “a great rival of Lord Invent's. Ladies! depend upon it, it is the Man in the Moon.”

“Or a lunatic like yourself,” *riposté'd* Lord Invent, and changed his position.

The rest of the entertainments of the night went off delightfully. The concert was as select as the converzatione was spirited and edifying. In addition to the professional performers, there

were amateurs *de la première force* ; to whom a very powerful acquisition was superadded, namely, a *débutante* from the theatre at Milan. This furnished a triple advantage: 1, Novelty. 2, The pleasure of saying, “ I heard *la Signora* at the Marchioness’s Sunday party, previous to her appearing in public on the London boards.” 3, The getting her exertions gratis : for it must not be supposed that these patronesses and *protectrices* pay for every thing, —this would make their parties expensive indeed ; but the fact is, that they pay for only what is unavoidable, the rest being managed by skilful generalship. For instance, how happy is a *débutante* to form the acquaintance and gain the patronage of a lady of rank and fashion, and particularly an amateur : she will in consequence readily sing gratis, to make friends for her *début* in public. In like manner, how many are satisfied to contribute their exertions with the view of being remunerated at their benefit ; for which a woman of quality may take fifty or a

hundred tickets, the price of which falls upon her visitors, particularly single men, who must pay this tax.

The trio of friends left the Marchioness's at half-past one, and in confidential committee went over the business of the night—the beauty and rivalry of the ladies; the conceit and vapouring of the men; the great strength and effect which foreigners gave to the party; the rapid strides which fashionable London made to meet Paris; the Marchioness's superior style of doing the honours of the house; that ease which made it seem as if it cost her nothing; the nullity of the man of the house, where a Lady gives the party; with many other weighty matters. After which each took a glass of *eau sucré* for the benefit of their complexions, and retired.

They retired to bed in their respective mansions: and, of course, withdrew to sleep. But

“—— To sleep! perchance to dream?

Ay, there's the rub!”

Herbert rubbed his eyes and took a pinch of snuff;—it being a most legitimate custom in high life to take a rising pinch of snuff, as also to have a superb *tabatière* on a night-table, a veil-leuse, a bottle of *Eau de Cologne*, a *flacon* of some delicate perfume, a glass of spring water, and elderly ladies add a prayer-book, the binding of which incontrovertibly announces the great prevalence of pride, and the composure of which offers the unruffled leaves of a work more for ornament than use—in *young* people of either sex a romance supplies its place. A silver bell is sometimes a part of night-table furniture, but this only when *femme de chambre* or *valet de chambre* sleeps in a cabinet close by. The book is replaced in the morning by the newspaper; and to complete voluptuaries, worn out with dissipation, a breakfast-tray succeeds the bottles of *Eau de Cologne et d'odeur*. To some a gross of bills and letters are brought up; and your *hyper-sensualists* receive company and transact

business in bed. *Pourquoi? Parceque*, the body may recline whilst the mind is employed. But it was not thus with our hero : much altered at this stage of his career, sleep he could get none, and he also exclaimed that “ sad hours seem long !” adding the cause,—which cause may naturally be guessed—

“ Not having that, which having makes them short.”

Welcome morn, or rather day-light arrived, but there was still another light wanting : it was what the enamoured Spaniard so enthusiastically and romantically calls *lumbre de mis ojos*—*light of my eyes !*

Talking of Spanish, naturally brings that devoted country to our mind. Although Spain stands not in the rank of Rome, in history or in memory, and much less in preserving such high monuments of genius; yet she was once renowned for talent and bravery, for honour and high exploits. Of her paintings very fine specimens

remain, and there are *reliques* of her minstrelsy of high character. Cervantes will always bear out her wit, and Lopez de Vega vouch for her rich vein of poetry. Our acquaintance with Spain is short, uncertain, and obscure, yet we well know the advantages, the rich exuberance of her soil, her romantic scenery, and the productions of her territory ; nor can we sufficiently deplore that ignorance and error which make her garden a wilderness, her roads in many places impassable, her accommodations detestable, her people degraded, although with the spark of wisdom in their brain and the fire of patriotism in their veins. A very few talented patrons attempt to bring Hispania into play in the literary world ; not many have a *real* taste, and still less, understanding of her intellectual productions, or an admiration for her (by nature) happy soil. The confusion of politics has kept back the Spanish emigrants : one exception to this general assertion is Lord Holland, an elegant judge of

Spanish literature, and a liberal and intelligent judge of Spain and of Spanish mind.

At his Lordship's house the Colonel San Feliz* was a constant visitor ; and this brought him into fashionable notice. Holland House is a creditable stamp for talent, and the Marchioness, who liked to have, at her Sunday parties, a mixture of mind and brilliant appearance, received the Colonel. Here his *ci-devant* patron, Greenlaw, met him.

Ashamed as he (Greenlaw) was at the neglect with which he had treated him, and at having indiscriminately confounded him with idlers, tigers, epicures, and buffoons, who had in turn been in his train in his years of extravagance ; to make up for the past, he invited him to revisit the paternal mansion,—and we shall find him there by and by, most cordially and kindly received ; for, amongst the guests, he was always on the left of Colonel Leadon : no small

* His Lordship will be aware that we *generalise*.

favour; the *flank company* of the Guards is no trifling distinction. But we *left* our hero sighing for her who shortened and who sweetened his hours; and there he is still, with his imagination walking sentry over the treasure of his brain. The *relief* will soon be at hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ARRIVAL.—THE PLOT THICKENS.—A WORD ABOUT SPAIN.—“ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”—A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

“Finis coronat opus.”

“SINGLE misfortunes never come alone,” said Paddy, when he broke his leg by climbing into his mistress’s window, and lost the lady and his hat at the same time:—it is with evil as with good, a succession of both the one and the other generally comes rapidly upon us when we least expect it. Young Greenlaw experienced the truth of this remark: he had now for a very long time endured losses of all kinds, at play, on the turf, by extravagance, by usury, by wasteful

servants, and by his stud ; but at this moment the wheel turned in his favour. An unknown friend* had relieved his horses from execution, and they sold for very high prices ; two of them were sold with their engagements, and won a round sum : the timber brought twelve thousand, instead of ten thousand pounds, and Sir John insisted upon his son's accepting of five thousand out of it: Mr. Spavin, and the other extravagant domestics were got rid of ; and the Tiger, finding that his friend was about to be married, came one morning and took his leave. Tigers cannot exist in domestic life ; they must beat the bushes, and scour the field ; nor do married women easily endure these animals always at a husband's elbow—" *to put him up,*" as they call it, to all sorts of fun, allied to expense, danger, mischief, and riot. Not but that Ville-roi was a good-enough fellow, and a *royal* Tiger,—if by that we may express a prince of those animals,—the first and best of the kind ; but

* This friend was Captain Bramblewood.

barring this tiger, (and he was a wild one,) bad is the best.

He announced his intention of visiting Paris; on which Herbert Greenlaw put a hundred-pound note into his hand, and said, "Old fellow, (his favourite appellation,) take this and try your luck at the *salon*, and, if you win, think of me."

"I would not accept it if I did not know you gave it with a good heart, and that you were going to be set up again in *prime twig*, by a rich marriage with a very pretty woman; but as it is, I will pocket the affront, and if I win I will send Madame some *souvenir* from Paris. Fare-you-well, old man! take care of yourself; you've made a d—d good recover, and nobody rejoices at it more than myself.

"Adieu, I am off like a shot; and what is best, with no *report* which can injure my name. I've done all on the square of late, and am all comfortable, and *comme il faut*. I made a deal of money by the last October meeting, and by

the cross at the last battle ; and if I trust either the turf or the ring again, I wish I may be turned into a dray-horse. Josh. Hudson and White-headed Bob got the weather-gage of me ; but, by the way, Gulley is not such a bad fellow ; he let me into a good thing, which did a deal more than recover me ; it put some coin *en poche*. So I'm off with that set for ever. Fare-you-well !”

They shook hands and parted. The next succeeding event to this was Colonel Leadon's sending the following letter to our hero :—

“ DEAR GREENLAW,

“ An honest country-looking fellow, with a fine wholesome complexion, good features, and the traits of courage and good-humour in his countenance, applied to me to enlist in the regiment : he said that he was driven to take this step by the persecution of an attorney, which had forced him to leave his home : he added, that you could give him a character, as to

honesty, integrity, and morality, and that you knew him to be as good a shot as any in England, for that he was one of your father's gamekeepers. I was sorry to find so fine a fellow, come to his years, obliged to enlist as a private soldier, and as he was nearly half an inch under our standard, I was glad to reject him; I, however, gave him a sovereign, and advised him to call upon you, which he declined, saying, that he knew your good heart, and did not wish to impose on your generosity; but as I got his direction, you may send for him if you think proper.

“ Wishing you every possible prosperity,

I remain,

Dear Greenlaw,

Yours, very truly,

AUGUSTUS HENRY LEADON.”

Greenlaw lost not a moment in sending to his faithful servant: he assured him that he need apprehend no annoyance from Latitat, who dared not show his face in the country; and

that, as to any expense he might be put to, it should be paid for him ; for it was but just that he who had suffered by his zeal and fidelity, should be borne harmless, both as to personal risk and pecuniary expenditure. He added, that he should write to Greenlaw Hall, and that the first vacant farm which fell in, should be let to him ; and in the mean while he was to remain in the Square, and to receive two pounds per week as board wages. The poor fellow was delighted, and wrote down to his village that his fortune was made.

At this fortunate juncture, the matchless Emma arrived ; and the kind-hearted brother Guardsman, who had watched her motions and despatched a courier to Dover, met her at Dartford, and accompanied her to town, where he insisted upon her making the town-house of Lady Lydia's brother, now lent to the Bramblewoods, her place of residence, instead of going to an hotel ; for it would have been premature to have alighted at the bridegroom

elect's habitation. Three days sufficed for recovering from the fatigues of the journey, and for purchasing a number of articles for the approaching nuptials; for, although Emma de Mandeville's travelling carriage was heavily laden with French merchandise, yet there were many articles of British manufacture which she intended to provide herself with. Maria was a most valuable companion to Emma, and assisted in procuring and arranging many matters connected with *la toilette*; her society, likewise, was a great comfort to her: whilst Herbert was, as may be expected, an assiduous daily visitor, and associated with nobody but the object of his choice, his former comrade, and the amiable Maria. There are two extremes which make us willingly exclude all society from our presence but that of intimate and confidential friends: the excess of happiness, or the overwhelming load of pain: under these the heart suffices to itself; nor can it pour its joys or its affliction into common

bosoms; the affected sympathies and participation of the vulgar herd would be nothing but impertinence. But a real friend can augment the draught of blissful enjoyment, and diminish (by sharing it) the bitter cup of sorrow: nay, we gain in our hours of felicity, by their being witnessed by friendship. Where, for instance, the heart is proud of the object of its choice, it is natural to introduce that object to him or her who is next in our affections. It is thus in friendship: we feel a kind of triumph in saying to a third person, "This is my friend," or, in the emphatic language of the play,

"I've but one friend, and him I share amongst you."

Emma had no acquaintances in London; she had lived in a state of tranquil retirement whilst in the country, and bloomed like the virgin snow-drop, or modest violet, almost unseen. Her trip to the Continent had been but of short duration; and there she observed

nearly as much seclusion as in the country, visiting objects of intellectual interest and of legitimate curiosity, merely for improvement's sake. She had, all this time, continued to enrich and adorn her mind, so that she was particularly well informed and highly accomplished, yet any thing but a woman of the world, and wholly averse to the bustle and rivalrous strife of high, pleasurable, and fashionable life. But as a companion she was inestimable: her voice was melodious, she touched the harp expressively; she was a graceful but not *step-performing* dancer; she spoke French and Italian correctly and with ease; and, from early practice, she exhibited a fine figure, added to a light hand and much skill on horseback. As to her beauty, it consisted more in expression than in regular features; she captivated more from *physionomie* than from piercing eyes, eye-brows pencilled by Nature with incomparable regularity, or by the effect of the lily and the rose of her complexion, or the ruby and pearl of her lips and teeth:

the doubtful, changeful, bashful, yet benign play of both her colour and varying looks as Nature spoke—kindly captivating in her smile or attentive look of pensiveness—these were the fascinations which Emma possessed so eminently. The power of pleasing without studying so to do, had a charming effect in her deportment. She was, in fact, Nature's uncorrupted child, pure as the limpid brook, and dear to the hearts of those who enjoyed her friendship, as that refreshing stream is to the traveller's parched lips. She seemed born to do good; and that doing of good was not merely in the systematical (however praiseworthy) practice of benevolent actions, but it was to be *good* to others, to sympathize with them, to prevent their wants and anticipate their wishes, to cheer and console at once, by lulling pain to rest, and by administering present and extensive comfort. No one knew better than she how to confer a favour with such grace as to make it seem as if the benefit was done to herself instead of

to another ; no one was more feelingly alive to exquisite delicacy and to glowing charity ; none was more convinced that—

“ The tear that is wip’d off with a little address,

May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.”

She was warm and unbounded in her attachments, but fearful of giving vent to the overflowings of her generous heart ; mild and patient in her temper, she could both give and receive advice—the former with peculiar kindness, the latter with unequalled humility. Her affection for Herbert was not romantic, but it was steadfast, tender, immutable, and so sincere as to form a part of her existence. To sever her from him would have been like tearing the ivy from the oak, like lacerating a heart in whose core was grafted the object of her love, and to extract which it must have been left broken and bleeding ; it was therefore impossible for him not to be happy with her. Moreover, there was another circumstance inseparable from her feeling towards her lover, and

which greatly benefited him as a future husband, and rendered her the *unique* being which she was—namely, rich with a poverty of spirit, beautiful without self-admiration, and noble-born with the simplicity of a village-maid. Her looking up to and dependence on her Herbert proceeded from early habit, and to her acknowledgment of his superiority. Nor were the happy auspices under which this union was formed deceptive, or defeated in any shape. Emma had lived but for one ; he had erred and wandered, yet transcendent merit and the experience of past errors fixed him at last.

Although Emma had no acquaintances in London, many there were ready and officious to visit her. Amongst these were the *very friendly, true-hearted* morning-callers aforesaid, at the head of whom was the *philanthropic* Sir Charles Caustic. “Not at home” met all these, not only as to a rejection of the visit, but as to improving, cultivating, or even continuing the honour of their society. The only exception to

this rule was Colonel Leadon, who was invited to dine with the bride elect, previous to the wedding-day, and was present at the Hymeneal ceremony; at which Sir John would have assisted, but that the gout had not quite left one of his feet. He wrote, however, a most paternal letter, accompanied by a present of all the late Lady Gertrude's jewels, which, although pledged again and again, and finally parted with and imitated in paste, had been recovered by some sacrifice and manœuvring, and by the delicate conduct of the house of Rundell and Bridge, where due respect is paid to family property, and honourable dealing is invariably met with. The same letter gave an invitation to repair immediately to the Hall, where the young couple would be received with open arms, and where preparations upon a magnificent scale were making for the connubial festivities: *carte blanche* was given to bring down whom and as many as they pleased.

Emma, who never forgot any thing in the

way of kindness, gratitude, or good feeling, invited her worthy guardian, the jolly, tender-hearted Clergyman of what she considered like her native village (for we may be born at Rome, at Turin, or at Tripoli, but where the land of ancestry is, the heart follows) to come to town and to exercise his priestly functions as the minister who was to unite her to him for whom her tender heart had first felt warmed and won; and she munificently inclosed him five hundred pounds for his trouble. He would have performed the ceremony gratis, and have travelled up to London at his own expense, on being invited; but this proof of gratitude and remembrance was dearer to him, as a mark of her recollection of early years, than it possibly could be as a reward for past well-deserving, or as a present on coming into affluence.

The kind-hearted, convivial, neighbourly soul, travelled up by the mail, and was as much delighted on the wedding morning, as an ambi-

tious parent could be at his daughter's being disposed of to a duke with an immense income, and with patronage sufficient to provide for himself, family, and numerous connexions: a *mariage à l'Ecossaise*, or *à l'Irlandaise*, by which a man has the supreme *bonheur* to wed a wife and twenty-five relations, and to maintain two or three permanently, and to accept of two or three more for a Highland or Hibernian visit, i. e. for six months; after which (wind and weather permitting) the parties may, regretting and regretted, get ready for departure by the first conveyance, to be relieved by another family importation. The Reverend Doctor arrived upon the wings of triumphant expectation, and was welcomed by the two happy couples like a second father. The moments of the last day which retarded the blissful morn, crept on to the lover as if they were leaden-winged, the minutes appeared to stand still, the hours halted, daylight lingered, and night seemed stationary; the lover could almost swear

that *Nox et Erebus* were combined to darken his prospect and to sink his hopes. Colonel Leadon and Bramblewood inspired patience in the half-delirious lover, who absolutely doubted the race of time, and who, on observing the clock, wearily exclaimed, “*only* such an hour !” Thus do we frail mortals wish what we dread most, —the fleeting of time; we chide the moments which keep us from the object of our wishes, without reflecting that their lapse will shorten the duration of our joys, crumble the hour-glass to its last sand, and take from life’s amount a number never to be restored.

The happy morning arrived,

“ Big with the fate of Herbert and of love.”

The weather was overclouded; frequent showers, which appeared to announce a cold tempestuous day, encreased at noon. Maria observed that she was sorry to see such weather.—“ I am not,” replied Emma, “ it teaches us to expect the storm in the midst of the calm; to

be prepared for inclement weather when the orb of day burns brightest ; to provide for winter in the midst of summer ; and to recollect that a partner for life is one for whom we must be ready to endure all things, and to adhere to under all circumstances and vicissitudes of life."

A splendid banquet was provided at three o'clock, as a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; the band of the Regiment (Coldstream) played all the while. The party consisted of seven: the two happy couples, Colonel Leadon, his niece as bride's maid, and the Minister, who was to give a legitimate character to the uniting of two hearts which leaned to each other, like trees which are locally separated, but whose inclination bent them into a gentle *penchant*, which proclaimed the correspondence of affection and thought, the mutual junction of substance and being, and that sympathy over which time and distance have no power.

The day cleared up towards evening; when the happy couple in one chaise and four, the Bramblewoods in a second, and Colonel Leadon and niece in a third, started from town (followed in a few hours by the Reverend), and halted at a half-way inn upon the road, where every possible preparation of comfort and luxury was provided, and whither the intrepid game-keeper, to whom Emma had given a handsome sum as a wedding-present, was already arrived and in waiting. The next day brought them to the Hall of the bridegroom's ancestors, where an affectionate father, made happy at last by seeing his family likely to be perpetuated, was on the tip-toe of expectation, and appeared to receive new life from the approach of youth destined to hand down his name with honour to posterity. The village bells rang a merry peal, the song and feast flowed, and sensibility slumbered not on the interests of the poor; meat, drink, raiment and money, were circulated in a round of fifteen miles, and

scores of tongues blessed the young couple and the bounty of Greenlaw Hall.

Thus those who are made happy ought to consider their less felicitous brethren; and thus should indigence derive from the wing of power shelter, protection, and support. He who bathes the goblet's brim in festive enjoyment, ought to consider the children of adversity, who fast and mourn whilst he revels and rejoices,—those who are hungry and thirst. Thus he who is called to command should never forget those whose humbler lot it is to obey, nor sink down upon his soft pillow without remembering those who, without charity, might be roofless, or, without assistance and an asylum, might be forlorn travellers on life's thorny footpath, and outcasts from the common family of man. And here we cannot help looking back to an immortal hero, whose name is dear to every sailor—him for whom a Nation mourned when he closed his eyes in the hour of victory, when with his last breath he poured out a prayer for England

and the honour of her flag—that being, in whose small person the courage of a lion was united with a quickness of perception, the eye of a lynx, promptness and decision beyond all praise—him who was our pride and glory, a brave amongst the brave, the thunderbolt* of naval war, the brightest example of the very heart of a seaman, and a prototype for our gallant navy. He used to mingle deeds of martial valour with unostentatious acts of tender and feeling charity. After he returned home, covered with glory, and having dearly earned added fame in deeds of arms, he used to say,

* The term thunderbolt belongs, surely, as much to the great Nelson as to Roland, whom the French, in their fine war-hymn of ‘*Soldats Français, chantez Roland,*’ designate, *Ce foudre de Guerre!* The thunder of the British navy is well known, and has been often felt upon the vasty deep: and never was it placed in abler hands than those of the great commander whom we have lost, and whose name is identified and written in words of fire in our annals of naval valour, enriched and purchased by his brave blood, who

“Eripuit fulmen cœlo sceptrumque tyrannis.”

“Now we must think of the poor. I have done the State some service, and they know it. Now I must do some good.”

Thus were bravery and benevolence ever blooming in perpetual vividity, like the laurel in his breast. To any one who recollects the great Nelson, it may indeed be said,

“Then you ’ll remember, too, he was a man
That lived up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth.”

CHAPTER XIV.

RURAL HAPPINESS.—FESTIVITIES.—FINALE.—
THE GUARDS!

“O Concord ! bred in sacred breast
Of him that rules the restless rolling main,
That to the earth, for man’s assured rest,
From height of Heaven vouchsafest down to fly !
In thee alone the mighty power doth lie,
With sweet accord to keep the frowning stars,
And every planet else from wasting wars.

GASCOIGNE, *Jocasta*.

THE day after the arrival was the first of the splendid festivities of the ancient Hall. The old family-mansion echoed to the sound of music, and a numerous happy tenantry feasted and rejoiced

in the felicity of the Gascoigne-Greenlaw house: a whole week was passed in diversified pleasures. The arrangement was tasteful and judicious: but it was far better than all that,—it was hospitable and benevolent, rational, and organized with order and morality. There were no matutine revels to annoy the labourer, no masquerading to put modesty to the blush, no public exposure of intemperance to give bad example, no midnight orgies and drunken fantasies to create scandal, no proud ostentatious entertainments, at which mediocrity might sigh, considering the waste of riches, or where the humbler class dared not to intrude even as spectators. All was concord, harmony, old English hospitality, and the rejoicing of the heart.

The young couple and friends arrived at the close of the day, and were met by Sir John at the head of his tenantry, on horseback, in spite of the gout, with one foot in a velvet shoe. An open carriage and six horses,

which he had formerly sported as High Sheriff of the county, was in attendance to receive the bride and bridegroom, followed by three mounted servants in livery. When this carriage reached the avenue, a number of the poor insisted upon taking out the horses, and drawing them to the hall. To this Emma strongly objected: she could not bear this voluntary act of humiliation of her fellow-creatures; but the *hurrahs!* drowned her entreaties, and she found herself at the huge porch over the door. Here twelve maidens, clad in white, strewed flowers for the bride, whom they had known and loved when she was an inmate in the Clergyman's house, and when she did much good in secret. On the approach of the third carriage, containing Colonel Leadon, two troops of dismounted yeomanry, of which Sir John was colonel, fired a volley, succeeded by three rounds of file-firing, which a London Cockney Serjeant calls a *fire de joy* (*feu de joie*); the band then struck up, "Home, sweet Home!" followed by the

“Duke of York’s March,” in honour of the illustrious Guardsman and his corps. In a fourth carriage was the Clergyman, who was loudly cheered; and in the last were Colonel Greenlaw’s *valet de chambre* and the game-keeper: the crowd took him out and carried him on their shoulders. At night they burned the effigy of Latitat, in spite of all the opposition of the old Lord of the Manor, who said that all resentments ought to be buried in oblivion on such a day; but it is not easy to turn the popular tide of love or hatred. The supper was a private one, but was composed of all the delicacies of the season.—After breakfast, on the second morning, a field-day of the whole corps of yeomanry formed the amusements of the assemblage. *Marquées* were pitched in the park, and the whole of the tenantry had a public dinner,—Sir John presiding in full uniform at one table, and his son at the other; the former supported by Colonel Leadon on the right, and the parson on his left; and

Herbert Greenlaw, supported by his friend Bramblewood on the right, and the oldest yeoman on the left; the band of the corps playing all the time. After the cloth was removed, “Non Nobis Domine” was sung, and the national anthems of “God save the King,” and “Rule Britannia,” closed the dinner party, which sat until it was too cold to remain under canvass, when the party adjourned to the large banqueting hall, the walls of which were adorned with ancient arms, trophies of the chase—such as stags’ antlers, foxes’ brushes, curious birds, which had been shot by some of the family,—and the full-length pictures of a dozen of Sir John’s ancestors. On this occasion, every male was dressed in military uniform. The supper, as well as the dinner, was early, in order to suit the season of the year, which was drawing on winter, and the convenience of a number of the farmers, who had many miles to ride home. The dinner had been of old English fare, with a baron of beef, deco-

rated with oak and laurel, as the standing dish—brown stout and home-brewed ale of immense age and strength, together with plentiful libations of tawny port, and Madeira, imported by the hospitable host. At supper, magnums of claret went round, and an immense silver family bowl of punch kept up old English customs. This would have been very much beneath the dignity of our hero when he was an Exquisite aspirant for the *Gardes*, but now he enjoyed it prodigiously. The ladies did not assist at this festivity, but were made honourable mention of with appropriate speeches, and their healths were drunk with three times three. On the King's health being drunk with four times four, as it had been at dinner, the staff non-commissioned officers of the Militia fired three rounds with small arms; and the band of the regiment, of which Herbert was the Lieutenant-colonel, played,

“ Hail, Star of Brunswick ! ”

Here one of the farmers volunteered the song of *

“The throne of our King is an Englishman’s heart ;”

which was succeeded by another volunteered song, sung in admirable style by Captain Bramblewood, whose health was drunk with rapturous applause. The old gentleman now rose up with the ruby tint of the claret on his cheek ; and, after proposing Colonel Leadon and the Brigade of Guards, volunteered in his turn to give them

“The British Grenadiers,”

which was encored. On this occasion a private signal brought a second volley of musketry from without ; after which the non-commissioned officers marched in two and two,

* We are aware that this song has been mentioned before, but we beg leave to observe, that

“*Decies repetita placebit.*”

HORAT.

whilst the fifes and drums played the tune corresponding with the toast, and they received a sovereign each from their Lieutenant-colonel; drank a bumper to their beloved Monarch, and had a bottle of wine given to each of them to take home.

A very eloquent speech had been made by the hero of the fête, as a panegyric on the Guards; bearing at the same time his regrets at having quitted them. He now rose for the second time, and addressed the yeomanry of the county, in a very well-timed, warm-hearted speech, assuring them how much he lamented his not being at an earlier period better acquainted with them; requesting, at the same time, to be admitted as a member of their hunt. He concluded by drinking their health, and wishing them every possible prosperity. The oldest member of the hunt returned thanks; assured him that they should be proud to admit him, and drank his health, which was

received with thunders of applause ; the Band playing

“ Speed the plough,”

all the time. Sir John now insisted upon a third bowl of punch, and sang a hunting song, to the no small delight of his farmers ; after which, hand met hand in cordiality, and the happy party separated, mutually delighted.

On the third day, (which happened to be the heir of Greenlaw Hall’s birthday) the morning amusements consisted in a coursing match for a silver cup : it was won by one of the young farmer’s greyhounds, and the prize was presented to him by Fair Emma ; who, together with her friend Maria, were in the field, and were much admired for their riding. The dinner was a magnificent one, given to all the Nobility and Gentry of the county, for twenty of whom beds were provided at the Hall, and the invitation was for a visit of three days. A profusion of game appeared on the table, with wines of almost every denomination, and as many pine-

apples as answered to the age of the only son. The house was illuminated at night, and bonfires blazed in the grounds; the two military bands were in attendance, and a ball concluded that night's festivities.

Sir John was in excellent spirits, and wore the court-dress in which he was presented to his Majesty: Emma was in her wedding suit of white, ornamented with rich lace, and had a simple garland of white roses in her glossy ringlets; she had no jewels on but pearls. Maria was also in white, but had a diamond tiara on her head. The two friends, as well as Colonel Leadon, still wore their uniforms. On the fourth morning (the second of the county-party) a private match was rode on a neighbouring common by six proprietors, each riding his own hunter. One of the six was Bramblewood on his famous grey. The prize was a gold cup given by Sir John, and was won by a length by the Captain: but there was a second prize of a hunting whip, superbly mounted in

gold and a gold dog-whistle, given by Mrs. Greenlaw, which was won by a tenant's son. The race gave great satisfaction, and the riders all dined at the Hall: they were all dressed in good Newmarket style at the match: Bramblewood wearing a sky-blue silk jacket and cap, and the second-best jocky, cowslip satin. Another dress-dinner succeeded the race, at which Sir John appeared in his uniform of a Lieutenant of the County; and his son wore the dress-uniform of the hunt. Private theatricals closed the evening; the play-bill was John Bull and the Poor Soldier. The parts were taken by some of the neighbouring nobility and gentry: Bramblewood playing Patrick in the Poor Soldier. The fifth and last day (Sunday coming on the sixth, the wedding party having arrived on the Tuesday) commenced by turning out a stag, and concluded by a concert, in which the two young couples were both vocal and instrumental performers. Here Colonel San Feliz's talent came into play: after being instru-

mental to the harmony and conviviality of the night by the guitar, harp, lyre, and lute; after some recitations of Spanish poetry, which was nearly lost upon the party, he volunteered a song, the antiquity and simplicity of which may recommend it to amateurs of those two qualities. It was composed in the thirteenth century, and is, as most of those compositions are, a mixture of love, respect and devotion of the knight for his lady: we will say nothing for its poetry, but can vouch for its originality. Its object, as our readers will easily perceive, is to give proofs of immeasurable and immutable attachment. The commencement makes a *refrain* at the end of each verse. Here it is—

“ M’amie, ma douce amie,
Reponds à mes amours,
Fidel à cette belle
Je l’aimerai toujours, toujours.”

bis.

“ My friend, sweet gentle friend,
Return my flame,
’Twill burn ’till life’s lamp end
For thy dear name.

“ Had I a hundred hearts,
They 'd beat for thee,
'Till vital spark departs
Would ne'er be free ;—
My friend, sweet gentle friend.

Had I a regal throne,
Thou by my side
Shouldst call the realm thine own,
My queen and bride ;—
My friend, sweet, gentle friend.

Of voices, if five score
Were in my power,
They'd say these words—no more.
At every hour—
My friend, sweet, gentle friend,
Return my flame,
'Twill burn 'till life's lamp end,
For thy dear name.

The numerous party separated at midnight ; those who slept at the Hall remained until breakfast the next day : the professional people, who came from town, stayed a whole week, and were handsomely remunerated for their trouble. A concert of sacred music crowned the Sunday's amusements ; and private concerts and waltzing

parties continued for seven days: on one of which, the hunt gave a very handsome dinner at the inn, on the inauguration of their new member. Riding and driving out in the morning formed the order of the day; visits were returned to the neighbouring estates; and the third week was occupied in dining with their most distinguished neighbours. Nor were the interests of those, who had deserved well of the family, neglected: the game-keeper was installed in his farm, which was stocked by the bridegroom, and the house furnished by the bride. On this merry occasion, a dance for all the villagers was got up, and the two happy wedded couples led off, Bramblewood as the partner of Emma, and young Greenlaw as the partner of Maria.

Sunshine surprised the lord of the manor and his tenantry together,—thus it ought to have been. How often do the farmer, the peasant, and the labourer, rise as their landlord goes to bed, and toil, that he may sleep on

downy pillow, whilst they lie hard, and labour incessantly for their bread.

A painful day now arrived—it was that on which the knot of friends was to be untied: military duty called the two Guardsmen to town; family concerns detained those young friends, who seemed to be incomplete without each other. Manly regrets took another turn; gravity succeeded animation, and an *English farewell* spoke volumes, which studied speeches never could have matched.

“Adieu, Maria!—farewell, dear Emma,” were the parting words of the female friends.

“Herbert, when you come to town make my house your landing-place.”

“I will,” was the parting bargain between the early companions, tried and unalterable friends, and military comrades. All the rest of the visiting, and other county festivities, were matters of form, ceremony, *show-off*, and the duties of a neighbourhood;—the form gone through, the feeling ceased with it. Such is

life ! Professions commence the farce, self-gratification carries it to the middle act, disappointment concludes it.

When the county rejoicings and feasts were over, the young couple visited their more remote estates, and diffused comfort around them wherever they bent their steps. The Christmas season was peculiarly munificent to the poor ; and when the full Spring shone on the face of Nature, the couple, placed by fortune and birth in high life, repaired to London.

Herbert had some self-satisfaction in considering how well he had “brought up” (to use a nautical phrase). He had now turned into a very rational being, and, although all the man of domestic life, he had always a hankering after his old corps. He quitted all the other clubs, except that of the Guards, to which he was eligible from once having been a member of the brigade ; he likewise always made one at the amusements of the brigade, which were many, and which were calculated to give con-

sideration and popularity to the corps. Amongst these, we class the Guards' private theatricals, supported by young men of rank and fashion, who played a number of dramatic characters with much spirit and good taste, and gave great pleasure to their audience—amongst whom most distinguishedly the *belle donne*. These theatricals took place at many different periods, and at many different quarters,—at Chatham, in Ireland, &c. Nor can we omit to mention the very manly exertion of the rowing-match from Oxford, which received such support and celebrity from the officers of the Guards.

And here he was delighted and surprised to find his Scotch friend converted into a very handsome, showy, young man, a well-dressed person without dandyism, and a *militaire* without stiffness. A very little of his native accent remained, but he had all its principle and integrity: he had lost his scholastic quotations without taking leave of the scholar; and he had parted with his timid parsimony, but kept order

and economy still in view : he concealed his nationality, but nevertheless was a Scotchman at heart : he prudently retired upon the shade, but advanced nobly to meet a friend, or a patriotic sacrifice with ardour and alacrity. Finally, although an enemy to every species of gaming, he had a sum depending on the rowing-match, as a regimental affair. And so had Herbert Greenlaw ! for on these occasions he felt identified with the credit of the Regiment, the praise of which was always on his lips : and he repeatedly asserted, that if he should be so fortunate as to have a son, he should decidedly place him in his old corps, for, in fact, he never felt so happy as when he could find himself between two officers on duty, and walk down St. James's Street with them, or when he dined with them on guard, or attended one of their field-days, the *éclat* of which had so many souvenirs, associations, and charms for his mind, and to which the truly martial

appearance of the Duke of York, clad modestly and in the brotherhood of arms in the uniform of his regiment, instead of appearing in the splendid trappings of a Field-Marshal, added such lustre. In a word, he always clung to the corps, and proudly asserted that you might know a man who *had been* in the Guards in any clothes, whereas many fine military men, when they quit the army, turn so completely into civilians and men of business, that the good old soldier-like deportment vanishes entirely; *bien entendu*, unless the civilian has served a long time, when the fold is so completely made in the cloth, that no *mufty* will disguise it. When it was otherwise, i. e. when a *ci-devant* soldier, who might have a fine carriage and belligerent air, affected too much to be the citizen, and to abuse the profession of arms, from disappointment or any other cause, which, by-the-by, always looks ill and tells against the person so acting, Herbert Greenlaw used to call it

losing cast. Indeed, we never saw a *good officer* and a *good fellow* abuse the profession, in all our knowledge of the army.

Whilst the Ex-Guardsman thus amused himself, Emma did the honours of her house with dignity, but with that independence which cleaves not to dissipation for support, and which panted for the return of the recess, to dwell with Nature and the country.

Every wish was now full. May those of all our readers be the same!—Such is the Author's most anxious desire.

THE CONCLUSION.

UN ENVOI AU CORPS.

DEAR GUARDS—

Brother Soldiers and Countrymen—
Nobles and Patriots—Heroes and Dandies—
ye graceful loungers of the town, ornaments
of the drawing-room, and brave defenders
of your country in the hour of peril—ye
who can flutter in the ball-room, yet nobly
fight in the gory and impurpled field of ho-
nour—ye brave and valiant victors of Lin-
celles, Barossa, Talavera, Waterloo, and of
so many other plains of conquest in divers
places, and at various periods, both ancient

and modern—ye who in the halcyon days of your youth and comeliness have been, or are at present, the admired of beauty, and examples to the brave, may we long see

“ (Your) brows with roses and with myrtle bound !
So should desert in arms be crown’d.”

“ Iterum, iterumque valete.”

THE END.

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PROSPECTUS
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NAVAL AND MILITARY
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“UBIQUE PATRIAM REMINISCI.”

THE necessity of a Publication which should exclusively devote itself to the *Interests* of the Army and Navy, having been particularly pointed out by several eminent Members of those Services, who have promised much valuable assistance, has induced individuals long and intimately conversant with Naval and Military Affairs, to undertake the Editorship of this Magazine.

The utility of a work that presents a medium for correspondence to Officers, on points regarding which they desire to receive and give information, and no such distinct or available channel having existed since the discontinuance of those valuable publications, the ROYAL MILITARY PANORAMA, the NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLES, and the MILITARY REGISTER, render the Editors sanguine of obtaining the patronage and support of the United Services. They pledge their best exertions to constitute this undertaking a source of general information, instruction, and useful criticism; but at the same time they must observe, that the degree of excellence and utility to which the NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE may arrive, will, in some respects, depend on the Contribution of Officers of the ARMY AND NAVY, MARINES, YEOMANRY, and MILITIA, and also of the HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S MILITARY AND MARINE FORCES.

The Editors have in view a feature which they conceive will be universally admitted as important, so far as the benefit of example extends, and the honour of the Services may be concerned—the rescuing from oblivion and handing down to posterity the careers of distinguished Officers who may die during the period of their publication, and also recording the merits and

achievements of the Soldier and Sailor of fortune—thus supporting the character of the Services in all its lustre and dignity, and refreshing the recollection of the Public as to the claims and pretensions of Naval and Military Men on their gratitude. The latter is a point most deserving of notice, at a time when a continual, and in most respects a senseless clamour, prevails for reduction and retrenchment in these two important branches of the State; and the Editors therefore appeal to all officers to come forward and support, by communications and assistance to this work, the *Interests* of the *Services*.

A further point to which the Editors may bespeak attention is the necessity of all Officers, whether on Full or on Half Pay, being well informed as to Regulations and Orders which are continually issuing from the Departments, but which are not known to the Services at *large*, owing to the want of a channel of communication such as that now proposed, and which, from its price and limited periods of publication, will be accessible to all Officers wherever they may be situated. These Orders are frequently of the highest importance to the two professions, and in some cases more particularly so at the time of their Official but *limited* promulgation. Many individuals, both Naval and Military, as well as their relatives, are in ignorance of the advantages held out to them by these regulations, and which advantages emanate from the watchful and liberal feelings of a MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, to whom, the Editors may freely assert, it will afford great delight to find His wishes and orders widely circulated, and that the several Members of the two Services, their widows and families, to whose cases they apply, generally avail themselves of the same.

The NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE will be distinguished by strict independence and integrity of principle. It is instituted for just, useful, and pleasing purposes. The best interests of the Services will alone influence the judgment of the Editors; and whilst their publication will be an Organ for Correspondence, it will neither admit of the dictation of office, nor intemperate effusions from disappointed or disaffected individuals. It will be a depository for facts; and its conductors will endeavour on all professional topics to express the wishes and hopes of the Navy and Army; and

thus, it is presumed this Magazine may be of mutual advantage to His Majesty's Government, the United Services, and the Public.]

Where grievances exist, they will be fairly discussed, and the Press, without abuse, has and always will obtain redress from the highest authorities. There are cases which have been regarded as grievances, and have not been redressed, from want of proper representation. The NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE will, in this respect, be a valuable medium for those who are either unacquainted with the regular courses of proceeding, or imagine that it is necessary to have some more influential mode of address than a clear and simple statement before the proper authorities, and according to the precise regulations which affect them.

Proceedings of Courts Martial; Trials; Essays; Narratives, Naval and Military; Memoirs of distinguished British and Foreign Officers; Stations; Reviews of Naval and Military Works; Histoires of Corps; all Parliamentary Proceedings affecting the Army and Navy; Anecdotes of Heroism; Naval and Military Correspondence; and every other information that can interest the UNITED SERVICES, will be diligently collected and incorporated in this work:—

“*Miscuit utile dulci.*”

The size of this publication corresponds with that of most Quarterly Magazines; two numbers will constitute a Volume. It is printed with an entirely new type.

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CONTENTS OF No. I. FOR MARCH, 1827.
(SECOND EDITION.)

Memoirs and Campaigns of the Duke of York—The Tomb of Marcos Botzaris, and the Cause of Greece—Memoir of the American General Brown—History of the 39th Foot—Military System of Colonization in Russia—Court Mourning—Important Navy and Army Court Martial—Treatment of the Consul General at Algiers—Memoir of the late Lieut.-Colonel Richard Scott, Indian Army, from his private journals—Tables of the British Naval force, and Losses at different periods—Promotion of Naval Officers—On the Union Banner of Great Britain and Ireland, with embellishments—Memoir of the late Lieut. James Edgecombe, R.N.—Memoir on the duty of Picquets, by Lieut.-Colonel Fitz-Clarence.—REVIEWS,—Naval Sketch Book, Subaltern, Young Rifleman, Rifleman's Comrade, French Serjeant, Urban's Army and Navy Almanack, Dr. Finlayson's Address to Captains of the Royal Navy, Capt. White and Major Snodgrass on the Burmese War, Nautical Almanack, Naval and Military Correspondence—Anecdotes and Poetry—General Orders and War Office Circulars, 1826 and 1827.—COURTS MARTIAL: Major Browne, Ensigns King and Cookney, Apothecary Hamilton—Naval and Military Miscellany of the Quarter—Naval Trials—Military Trials, Sir W. Todd v. Count Linsingen—Parliamentary Debates, at length---and Returns affecting the two Services---Junior Naval Club---Notices of Works in the Press---Gazettes, Births, Marriages, and Deaths, &c. &c.

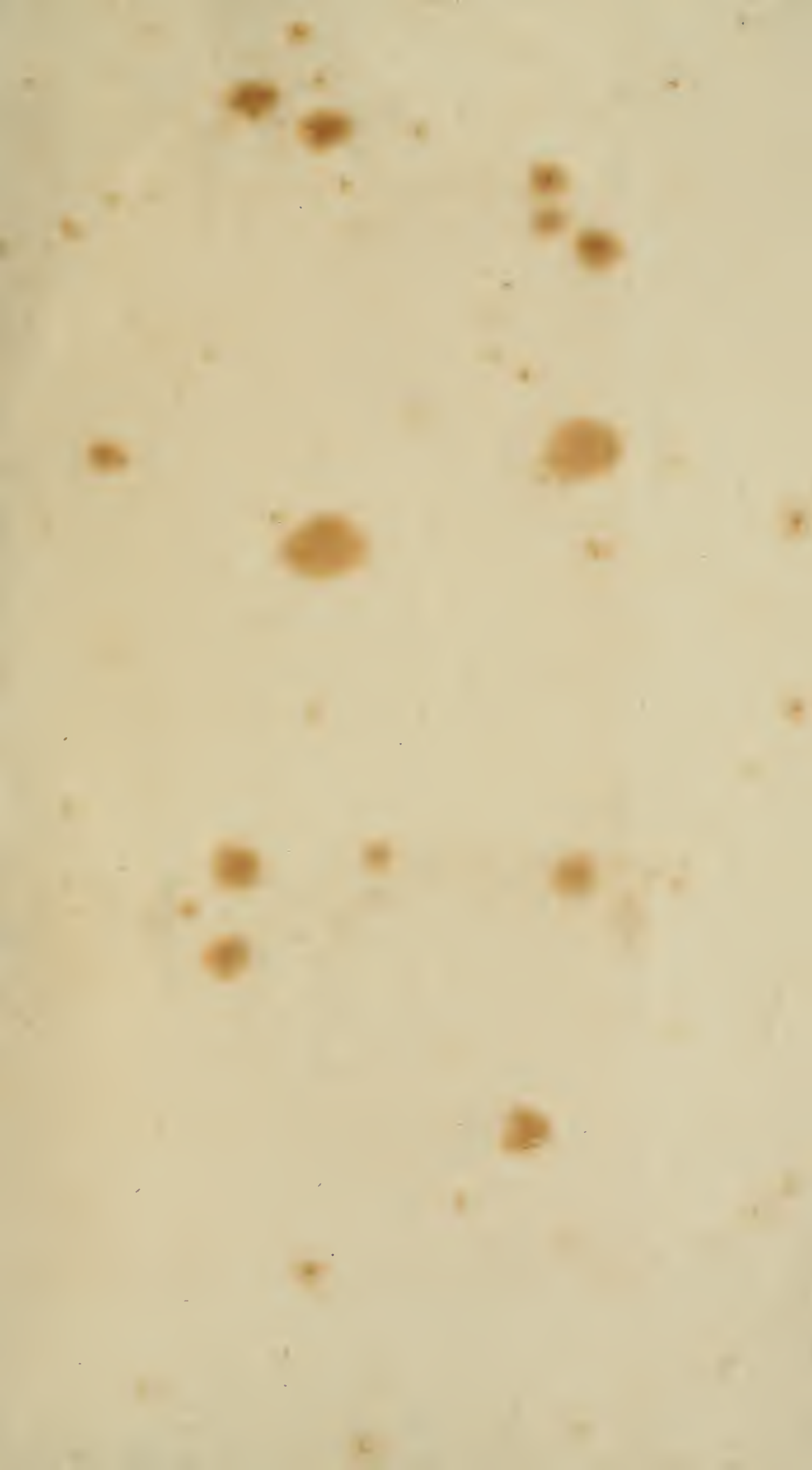
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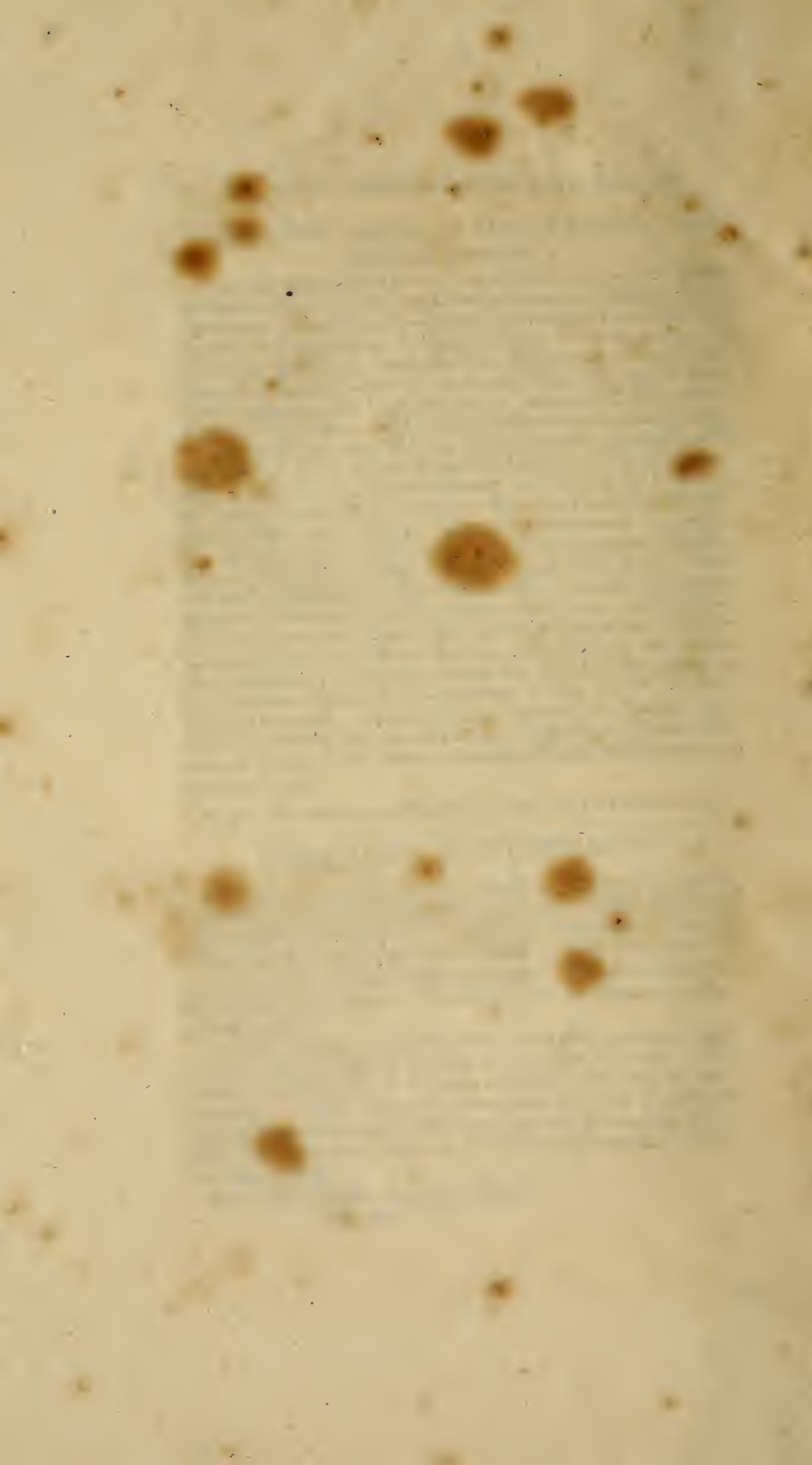
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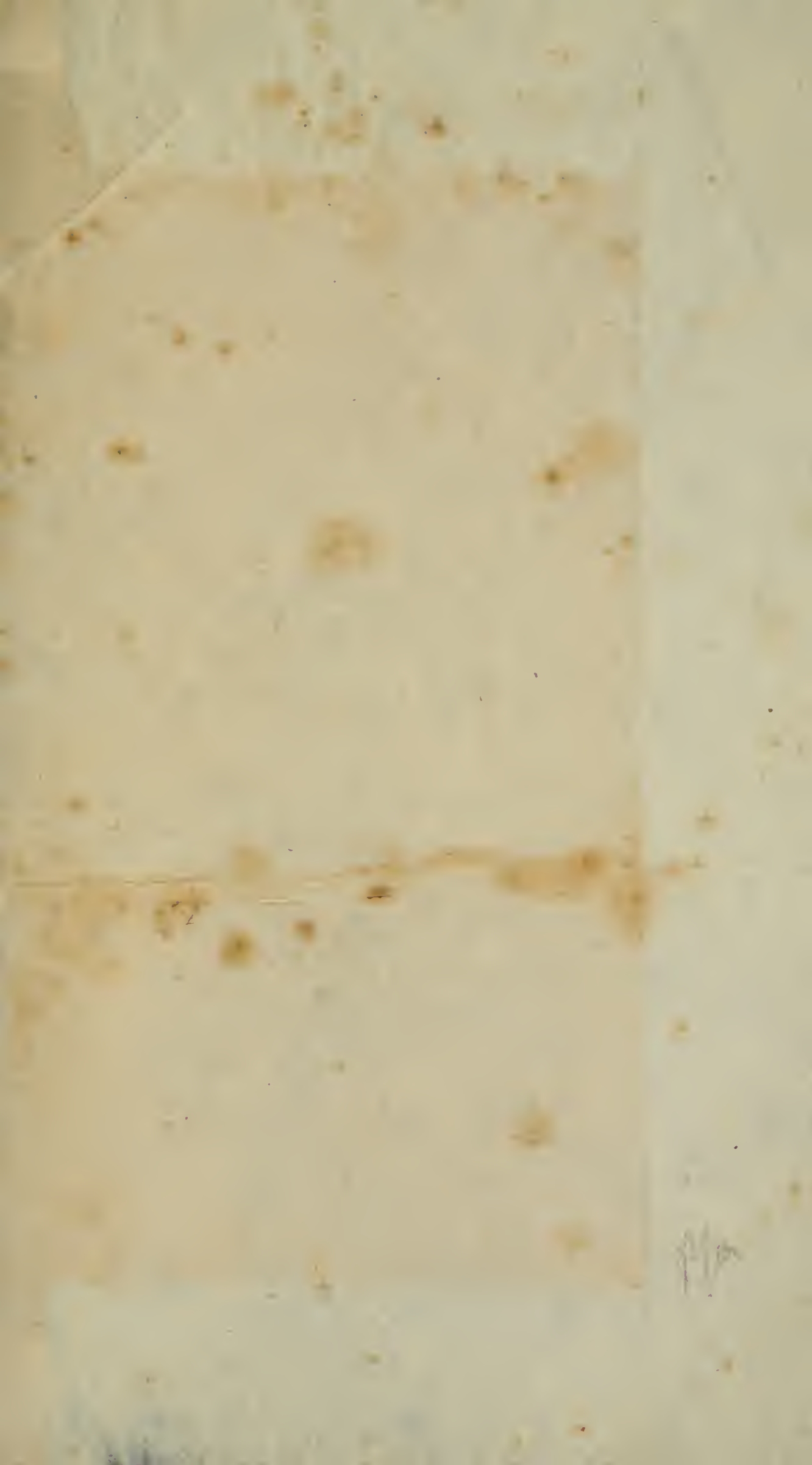
In consequence of the very incorrect manner in which the Debates of the 12th instant, in the House of Commons, on this important subject, have been given in the daily papers, the Editors have taken measures to ensure a correct report of each Member's speech, and which will appear in their Second Number, to be published on the 1st of June.

††† It may be observed that this is the only periodical work in which the Debates in Parliament are given at length. Frequently the Speeches of Military and Naval men may be considered as valuable Memoirs; but, from the press of political matter, they seldom find their way into the Newspapers, in a report that can give them the full value and interest to which they are entitled.

*Naval and Military Magazine Office,
25th April, 1827.*







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